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THE NEW REPUBLIC

July 29, 1978

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TRB

from Washington
July 29, 1978

The Enemy

One reason the Russians behave the way they do—they're scared. Utopia for them is always around the next corner. Meanwhile they feel threatened. They cherish the state religion of Communism but find they can't be an economic superpower at the same time that they are a military superpower—the second costs too much. That makes them jumpy and dangerous. It's always been that way.

War Productions Board chairman Donald Nelson came back from Moscow in November 1943 and had a confidential dinner with reporters. It was an extraordinary affair. He had talked with Stalin an hour and a half. He told of the distrust he found. The US embassy was cut off, not even a radio; few of the staff could speak Russian. There was little liaison. Nelson was the first to learn that the Russians were actually making four-engine bombers. US lend-lease fighters were coming in via Tehran, equipped with radios. Nelson was startled to discover that the radios were stripped off the planes and used elsewhere. The Russians said nothing about radios; they felt they were getting something "extra." That was the mood. Stalin spoke in grandiose terms; he wanted "10,000 locomotives." (Annual US production was then only around 1200.) Could the US supply Russia with electric power units for villages after the war? Yes—how many? "Oh . . . a hundred thousand for a start." And then appeared one of the controversial questions that has continued right down till the present; how could Moscow pay for such post-war trade, when its civilian economy didn't generate enough hard currency?

Came victory, came nuclear rivalry, the cold war, and roly-poly Khrushchev! I traveled with Khrushchev 13 days across America in 1959. I developed a kind of wry affection for him. He had a gait that was half waddle, half toddle; he had humor, perversity, ebullience and charm. He was once described as a very shapeless man in a rather shapeless suit with large pink head and very short legs. His undoing, alas, was that he believed his own myths. Sputnik produced euphoria: he told the Party Congress of October 1961 that Russia's economic growth was irresistible, and that the Soviets would have a standard of living "higher than that of any capitalist country" by 1980. His plans were unobtainable. They purged him in 1964.

Since then Brezhnev and his aging oligarchy in Moscow have been in power 14 years, dominated by consensus and status quo, getting older, Brezhnev ailing, a problem of succession ahead and the goal of being an economic as well as a military superpower still receding. At first even Washington thought this was coming. I remember the somber mood here after CIA chief Allen Dulles testified in November 1959, when the US economy was shrinking at an annual rate of 1.2 percent in Ike's third recession and when Russia's industrial growth was bounding ahead at eight or nine percent: "If this persists over the next decade as forecast," Dulles concluded, "the gap between our two economies by 1970 will be dangerously narrowed!"

It didn't happen; it's doubtful if it can happen as things stand. Russia dominates Eastern Europe but is afraid of its allies. It fears the US; it fears China (whose industrial and nuclear strength grow steadily). It has oil—CIA head Stansfield Turner said that its production was bigger even than Saudi Arabia's in 1976, but he believes it is running down and output will slow dramatically in 1981-5. Russia is well supplied with most materials and with unskilled labor, but its resources are far apart and inconveniently located; its soil is thin, its climate harsh, with recurrent bad harvests in 1972, 1975 and 1977 (but good so far this year). It carries a staggering burden of armaments which it raises three percent a year, and which now takes 15 percent of its total gross national product. This means that it is spending about the same amount as the US, but from an economic base only half as big. One in four of the Russian work force still is farming (compared to one in 20 in the US); its productivity per man is only about one-fifth America's. President Carter in his Annapolis speech noted that "although the Soviet Union has the second largest [economic] system in the world, its growth is slowing greatly." Indeed, the technological gap between Russia and the West hasn't diminished in 15-20 years; Moscow is almost desperately weak in electronics and computers.

I don't think Western observers exaggerate the foregoing. But—so what? It does not minimize this modern Sparta's fearful military and nuclear power, though it may help to put it in perspective. Moscow's pathological insecurity partly explains its treatment of dissidents. It might suggest, too, the big selfish stake the Russians have in trading with the West; it is about the strongest appeal President Carter has when he invites them to "choose either confrontation or cooperation; the United States is adequately prepared to meet either choice."

The Kremlin is insecure, but it isn't that insecure. It dislikes dissidents and "human rights," and freedom of expression, because Russia has always been an authoritarian state, a despotic and closed society, Czars or Communists, and has never known democracy. Dimitri K. Simes, director of Soviet Studies at Georgetown University, points out in a recent study that the Russian dissidents themselves display a remarkable intolerance of even minor disagreement. Take Solzhenitsyn. In an article written for The Academy of Political Science ("The Soviet Threat"; paperback, $5.95) before the Harvard commencement address, Simes notes that Solzhenitsyn had warm words for Franco's rule in Spain: he "clearly prefers authoritarian rule as long as its leaders accept 'their responsibility before God and their own conscience,' a kind of authoritarianism with a human face. Outraged by repression in the Soviet Union, the exiled writer is unhappy about the 'surplus' of freedom in the West."

That's what the Russian exile meant at Harvard—he loves the idealized memory of the old Russia, he scorns the undisciplined freedoms of America, he detests the free press in a land where "everyone is entitled to know everything. But this is a false slogan characteristic of a false era; people also have the right not to know, and it is a much more valuable one."

And Simes has another caution. The Soviet Union isn't all bad: Russian citizens probably enjoy more freedom now than ever before. It makes the Soviet elite particularly bitter, he declares paradoxically, that the West protests now when Russia is "slowly but gradually moving in the direction of greater respect for human rights."

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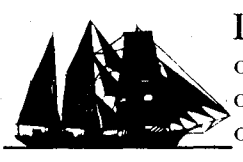

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THE NEW REPUBLIC

July 29, 1978

Russia Chooses Confrontation

The Soviet leadership obviously wasn't listening when President Carter made his Annapolis commencement speech on June 7. We urge, now, that it heed the words: "The Soviet Union can choose either confrontation or cooperation. The United States is adequately prepared to meet either choice."

We can understand well enough why the Kremlin ignored Carter and proceeded with its kangaroo trials of Soviet dissidents. It has been an often-repeated pattern with this administration that stern words are followed by weak deeds. The Soviets obviously calculated that they could deliver any manner of affront to Carter and get away with little more than a verbal protest from the White House. Carter specifically denied that Anatoly Shcharansky was a CIA spy, but the Soviets went ahead trying him as one—in effect, calling Carter a liar, and doing so with maximum contempt. True to form, it seemed that the president would do no more than cancel two minor official missions to Moscow and issue deploring statements about the show trials.

We are pleased that Carter decided, after all, to invoke economic sanctions in reprisal for the persecution of Shcharansky and Alexander Ginzburg, but we are concerned at the manner by which he seems to have come to the decision. On June 26, the president seemed to rule out the action that he subsequently took. "We have never held out the prospect of increased or decreased trade if [the Soviets] did or did not do a certain [thing] that we thought was best," Carter said in a press conference. He apparently reversed himself only after intense pressure was applied by senators Jackson and Moynihan, aided by allies in the administration, who threatened that Congress would take unilateral action to limit technology transfers to the Soviet Union if Carter did not do so himself.

What Carter ended up doing was entirely appropriate. He cancelled the sale of a big Sperry Univac computer to the news agency Tass for use during the 1980 Olympics and subjected all prospective sales of oil technology to high-level US review.

The use of trade as a political instrument is loudly protested by the Soviets, by American businessmen, by the Department of Commerce and by sections of the State Department. Carter's June 26 statement indicates that he, too, has a predisposition to avoid mixing politics and economics. But the 1969 Export Control Act clearly declares that it is the policy of the United States "to use export controls . . . to further significantly the foreign policy of the US." Carter himself, in his secret Presidential Decision Memorandum 18, is said to have determined that the economic resources of the United States should be employed to secure its foreign policy ends, including expansion of human rights in the world.

In the case of the Soviet Union, the United States has not only moral justification to make an issue of human rights violations, but a legal one. The Soviet Union solemnly pledged, in the Final Act of the 1975 Helsinki conference, that it would observe agreed-upon standards of individual rights, expand travel rights for its citizens and allow more open information flow. Its jailing of members of the unofficial committees formed to monitor compliance with the Helsinki accord, its threats against American journalists, its phony libel trials of two of them, its refusal to allow Jews and others to emigrate—all this makes a mockery of the 1975 agreement. The United States has a duty to say so, and a right to use economic leverage, if necessary, to induce Soviet compliance.

From the start of his administration, President Carter has demonstrated a personal dedication to human rights. But we still are not convinced that it is much more than a Sunday school teacher's commitment to a wholesome cause or a politician's dedication to a reputation-building issue. When the going has gotten rough, Carter has tended to ease up on human rights, or to shift focus to small, weak countries, rather than bear down on the Soviet Union. The Shcharansky and Ginzburg trials should have shown Carter how sensitive and vulnerable the Soviets feel about the human rights issue. There is an opportunity here for an American leader who understands the arts of strategy and diplomacy. American human rights pressure can be

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turned on and off as a means of securing Soviet cooperation in other areas. Economic and other levers can be used to affect Soviet conduct on human rights.

We frankly doubt whether Carter knows what to do with opportunities for leverage. He has a disturbing tendency to talk instead of act, as though press conferences were a substitute for subtle diplomacy. He has shown little skill as a negotiator or as a manipulator of events, resources and people. At times, he does not seem in control of his own administration. Ambassador Andrew Young deserved a scolding for his stupid, ill-timed remarks about US "political prisoners," of course, but Carter long ago should have developed a system of informing subordinates of what is expected of them. If Young is unaware of what Carter is trying to accomplish on a major foreign policy issue like human rights in the Soviet Union, that is Carter's fault as much as Young's.

But, even so, the Soviets should heed Carter's words at Annapolis. Even if their present president lacks the equipment to meet the Soviet Union in confrontation, the American people rapidly are becoming psychologically prepared to do so. They are becoming convinced that confrontation, rather than cooperation, is the Soviet leadership's preferred method of operation. If Jimmy Carter is innately not up to the challenge, Congress is likely to push him to meet it. If that still seems inadequate, the US-Soviet relationship could become one of the major issues of the 1980 elections.

The Soviet Union seems to have calculated that it could act now to crush its human rights dissenters, and that protest in the United States would die down, much as it did after Soviet troops suppressed the Hungarian uprising of 1956 and the Czech liberation of 1968. But, there is a difference. The US public and Congress are becoming conscious of and worried by the inordinate Soviet nuclear and conventional military buildup. They are increasingly concerned about expansion of Soviet influence in Africa, Afghanistan and Yemen. The Soviets seem to be moving into position to threaten Western oil sources and tanker routes. There is still a debate going on in the United States about what our response should be. Soviet human rights depredations serve to strengthen those in the US who favor confrontation.

President Carter's Annapolis speech offered about as reasonable and moderate a set of American principles for detente as the Soviets are likely to encounter. Because the American press at the time read the speech not for its content but for hints about whether Cyrus Vance or Zbigniew Brzezinski had "captured the president's mind," Carter's words are worth repeating. "We must realize," he said, "that for a very long time our relationship with the Soviet Union will be competitive. That competition is to be constructive if we are successful. Instead, it could be dangerous and politically disastrous." Carter cautioned Americans against "excessive swings" in attitude toward the Soviets "from an exaggerated sense of compatibility . . . to open expressions of hostility." To the Soviets, he said that "to be stable, to be supported by the American people, and to be a basis for widening the scope of cooperation, detente must be . . . truly reciprocal. Both nations must exercise restraint in troubled areas and in troubled times . . . Neither of us should entertain the notion that military supremacy can be attained, or that transient military advantage can be politically exploited."

We believe that Carter was accurately conveying the attitude of the American people, as well of his administration, and their preferred objective: "to convince the Soviet Union of the advantages of cooperation and of the costs of disruptive behavior." He also accurately described the apparent attitude of the Soviet Union that "detente seems to mean a continuing aggressive struggle for political advantage and increased influence in a variety of ways."

Recent Soviet behavior in Africa, in the weapons field and in human rights has passed beyond the limits of aggressiveness acceptable to the American people in the category of "competition." The Soviets should consider the reactions in the American press, public and Congress during the dissident trials as a foretaste of what they can expect if they persist in their displays of Stalinism and imperialism. Clampdowns on technology transfers are merely the beginning. The White House should move immediately to establish tighter control over grain sales to the Soviet Union, instead of leaving decisions up to the Department of Agriculture. In the future, the Soviets' ability to buy extra supplies of wheat and corn ought to depend in part on what the Soviet Union is doing in the world.

There are other steps we can take. We can restrict the number of US ports which can be used by Soviet ships. We can try for a US-European agreement to curtail selling manufacturing plants and technological know-how to the Soviets, and offer them only finished end products. Outside the economic field, we could restrict the number of Soviets in diplomatic, trade and other missions here to the number of Americans in our missions in Russia. It's likely that many of the excess Soviets stationed here are KGB agents, anyway. Some of these potential US actions may seem excessive now, but could become reasonable if we are provoked any further. We could cancel or reduce cultural and scientific exchanges and space cooperation. One can easily imagine circumstances in which we would want to pull out of the 1980 Olympics.

There is an uncomfortable contradiction in the current wave of criticism of the Soviet Union. This contradiction even has penetrated the pages of this issue of *TNR*. On the one hand it is suggested that repression of dissent and denial of free speech and movement are endemic to the Soviet system. On the

(continued on page 8)

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Correspondence

Slap shot

To the editors:

Henry Fairlie's cheap shot at environmentalists ("The Unfiltered Voice," *TNR*, June 24) is odd in a magazine that seems inclined to play fair. ("The environmentalists, for example, fight for the privileged. . . .")

In fact, we fight for the earth. I'd hope the earth would be considered privileged, but measuring the assaults on it would hardly lead to that conclusion.

I suspect that Mr. Fairlie's research was a bit spotty. He unleashed his slur on us in the course of ruing the success of special interest groups in using the initiative process to pass narrow laws. His particular worry is, of course, Proposition 13. But it's a lousy example that doesn't prove his point. Prop. 13 was the product of no "public interest" group at all—unless you're of the mind that would call landlords purveyors of the public interest. When environmental groups have tried the initiative process they have been monumentally unsuccessful, with a couple of exceptions. (In California, a nuclear initiative and a "Clean Environment Act" have gone down badly; only a Coastal Conservation Act passed. And across the country, six out of seven nuclear initiatives failed badly in November 1976.)

What *is* Mr. Fairlie's prejudice all about?

Tom Turner
Editor
Friends of the Earth

Another version

To the editors:

Ambassador Ellsworth Bunker must have read a different version of *The Ugly American*. In "The Old Refrigerator" (*TNR*, June 3), John Taft quotes Bunker as saying in defense of the image of the diplomat: "Like my notorious colleague of *The Ugly American* I have attended many cocktail parties . . . where I usually meet my friends of the press and often acquire from them information I find useful in my trade. Unlike him, I have gone to the 'boondocks' and talked with the farmers and the villagers."

In my copy of *The Ugly American*, Homer Atkins shunned cocktail parties like the plague and spent as much time as he could working with the farmers in the villages.

George Johnson
Wausau, Wisconsin

Q.E.D.

To the editors:

Curious that Henry Fairlie's dismissal of the French *nouveaux philosophes* ("The Old World in Washington," *TNR*, June 17) should follow B.H. Lévy's report on fascism in Argentina. Philosophy is a response to and a reflection upon the conditions and preconditions of existence. B.H. Lévy's concern for the fate of Argentinians more than vindicates his stature as a man and as a philosopher, *nouveau* or otherwise.

T.J. Dickman
Salt Lake City, Utah

But *this* one's different

To the editors:

The New Republic published an article by David Blum in the June 24 issue ("On the Hill: Jarvis Fever") which contended that the Congress has engaged in parliamentary gimmickry and flimflamming in its response to the passage of Proposition 13 in California.

As an example, Mr. Blum used the passage of my amendment to cut $1 billion from the budget of the Department of Health, Education and Welfare. It was the writer's contention that the cut will have no practical effect on the department's budget. That is not true.

The amendment was and is a serious attempt to get at the waste, fraud and abuse in HEW programs. The department's inspector general has told the Congress waste computed from the past year's experience amounts to between $6.3 and $7.4 billion. (Outright fraud alone is estimated at more than $1 billion.)

Congress, in the past, has failed to put the administration's feet to the fire on these problems by cutting appropriations because the Congress has always feared that the administration, instead of cutting down on fraud and abuse, would simply cut back on good programs. I should know, because I have introduced amendments to slow the rate of increase in HEW spending year after year, without success.

Early this year, we decided that the best approach would be to zero in on those programs described by the inspector general as the most wasteful, but leave Mr. Califano with enough room to make the cuts where he believes they can be best applied. It is the only direct way of dealing with the problem for there are no line-item budget allocations for waste, fraud and abuse.

Mr. Blum's description of the legislative process which he used to discount the credibility of my amendment was misleading, inaccurate and inappropriate for the situation which existed. His view of HEW operations and the problems of waste and fraud was just plain inept.

Finally, Mr. Blum left the impression that my amendment was drawn on the spur of the moment as a one-shot attempt at political opportunism. Again, if he would have examined the record, he would have found that my record in this area goes back a long way, and through our previous efforts, progress has been made in areas where waste and fraud are the most prevalent. HEW already has the tools needed to significantly reduce the 8.4 percent error rate in AFDC programs and great strides have already been made to clean up the student aid program. Increased inspections will greatly cut costs in other areas, if the administration takes this problem seriously.

Mr. Blum and other reporters have brushed off the actions of Congress on amendments such as mine, because they believe the membership is simply reacting to the anger of taxpayers. In part, this is true. Members of Congress who have the worst records on the books have suddenly transformed themselves into champions of fiscal responsibility. However, it is naive to assume that I, being a member of the Republican leadership, would have offered the Democrat majority an easy means of demonstrating their frugality for use in getting reelected this year, if I didn't think the amendment served a real, practical purpose. We Republicans don't give up our traditional and best issues that easily.

Robert H. Michel
Member of Congress

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other hand it is insisted that the United States should use its "leverage" to pry loose these rights (allegedly guaranteed by the Helsinki accords) for the Soviet people. Obviously if the system is unreformable it is quixotic to demand pressures to make it reform (or likewise to hope that reform will come automatically from closer relationships with the West). The coming months will test once more whether the Soviet leadership can or will amend its internal controls out of a desire for good relations with the United States. If it does not respond to either yesterday's carrot or tomorrow's stick, we should abandon any further pretense to "cooperation" with the Soviet regime and live in peace, but no more.

The Soviet leadership needs to be aware that in a democracy, the government is not in control of its population. Reactions here cannot be finely tuned. If Soviet aggressiveness persists, it is virtually certain that a new strategic arms treaty will be doomed in the Senate before its terms are even final. Senator Donald Riegle of Michigan, whom one would expect to support the administration's SALT treaty, is just the first who may find it ethically justified, emotionally satisfying or politically expedient to vote with the opponents of arms control.

If a SALT treaty is defeated and an arms race ensues, if detente collapses and ideological war begins, if the United States becomes sufficiently aroused to mobilize its economic resources for full scale competition with the Soviet Union, the United States almost certainly will prevail. Our economic output is twice that of the Soviet Union. We have the capacity to force the Soviets into a military spending race that would deprive their urban middle classes of consumer items, and their lower classes of food, with unpredictable consequences for the stability of Soviet society.

Jimmy Carter has demonstrated that he is not interested in waging economic or ideological war against the Soviet Union. He probably would be incapable of doing so if he had the will. But other presidential prospects will be all too willing to perform the task if it is called for. And so it behooves the Soviets to trim their competitive drives and to avoid confrontation. It also behooves President Carter to master the arts of competition, so he needn't be dragged by Congress and the public to his and our own defense.

ERA: Start From Scratch

This has become the summer of the ERA. The Equal Rights Amendment was originally scheduled by Congress to be ratified or rejected by the states after a seven year period ending on a cool day now eight months away: March 22, 1979. But still three states short of the 38 needed for ratification and running out of time, the ERA was brought back to the capital in the July heat for a new lease on life. On July 9, a crowd in white sweated under the DC sun and posed a grand question: can there be a time limit on justice, the cause of equal human rights? Others in ordinary dress, both for and against the ERA, have been asking a more prosaic question: is extension of the ratification deadline for the ERA a fair or advisable procedural innovation? Sitting bleached under the TV lights in the committee room last week, opponents and proponents of the extension got their first answers from the House Judiciary Committee. Yes, there is a time limit—until June 30, 1982; but yes, extension is fair and advisable—for three and a quarter years. Proponents clapped at the results. We support the ERA, but we doubt this is the way to achieve it.

The long day of debate dealt with the constitutional procedure of extension, not with the substance of the ERA. Citing Supreme Court precedents and the testimony of constitutional scholars, the committee members generally agreed that Congress has the power to enact an extension of a ratification time limit that Congress itself has imposed. Here the consensus stopped. Committee members disagreed on the policy of exercising that power. Among those who supported an extension, there were three points of controversy. First, the length of the extension. How many years satisfies the vague standard that three-fourths of the states approve an amendment "contemporaneously"? Second, the issue of rescission. If states that have ratified an amendment wish to change their minds, is this merely fair play or a dangerous constitutional innovation? Third, the question of method. Must an extension be approved by the two-thirds majority required to start the amendment process, or only by a simple majority?

These procedural problems make us doubt the wisdom of extension. The controversy over procedure is not likely to be resolved easily, and it shouldn't be. It is a constitutional controversy and involves, like the ERA debate, principles we like to think are fundamentally important. But neither the constitution nor the ERA need be sacrificed to the other. If the extension passes, it may mean bad press for the ERA and a bad precedent for the constitutional process of amending. An extension could be the arbitrary time limit that ends up killing the ERA; if it fails to be ratified, even with a three-year extension—which can't be ruled out—the amendment will be dead.

Even if the ERA is ratified after an extension, its symbolic power may be diminished by general sentiment that the ratification procedure smacked of foul play, especially if rescissions are not allowed. To tamper with the constitutional amendment procedure now makes it more susceptible to tampering later, when the purpose may not appeal to liberals who want to fiddle now.

(continued on page 10)

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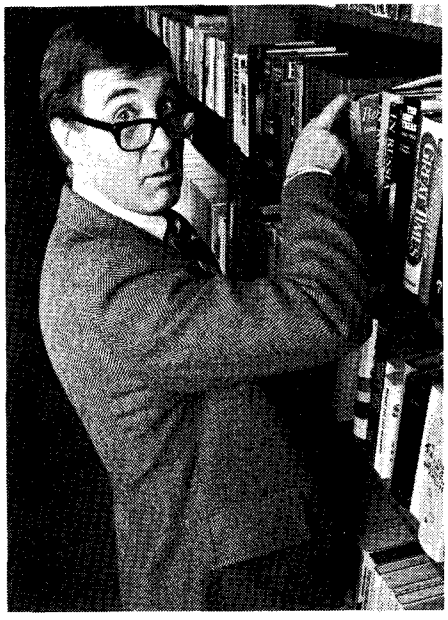

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Instead of extending the ERA, why not start from scratch if its deadline expires without three more ratifications? A conservative House Judiciary Committee has passed an extension and is hopeful that it will pass a full House, even with a two-thirds majority, if the Rules Committee calls for it. This makes it hard to believe that a new ERA, unencumbered by constitutional problems, wouldn't be approved. Ratification would be a bigger project with a fresh start, but there would be more time and fewer public relations problems. Polls show that most people support the ERA on its merits. A new beginning would shift the debate back to those merits. If the ERA is an important and necessary amendment, and we feel it is, an examination of what it really means should give it the full and informed support it may now lack.

White House Watch

Carter in Germany

Bonn

Before the fourth economic summit conference opened in Bonn July 16, President Carter allowed himself three nights and two days in West Germany to do a job that was connected with but apart from the conference. The job was not so much to repair a whole swatch of misunderstandings between him and West German Chancellor Helmut Schmidt—that had already been pretty well done—as to convince the world with public displays of mutual affection that it had been done.

The disaffection that had prevailed between them, German and American official denials notwithstanding, dated back to Carter's first and the world's third economic summit in London last year. It arose in part from the opinion that Schmidt then expressed to Carter in the presence of the conferees from Canada, Britain, France, Italy and Japan that the new President of the US was overdoing his human-rights sermons and harming every other country and government in line of fire with the Soviet Union, not to mention people who were supposed to be helped. Schmidt's low view of Carter's economic understanding and policies and the Chancellor's irritation, which was extreme for a while but has since been allayed, with what Schmidt considered to be serious misrepresentation of his attitude toward the deployment of neutron weapons in Western Europe, contributed to the friction. All or most of that had been smoothed out before Carter went to Bonn. Differences over immediate summit issues, such as what Carter could fairly demand of Schmidt in the way of expanding the West German economy and West German markets for other countries' exports, and what Schmidt could demand of Carter in the way of reducing the huge US deficit in world payments and the consequent erosion of the dollar's international value, were essentially impersonal questions for summit discussion. The initial priority task, as indicated, was to show that everything was just fine between the two leaders and both of them worked mightily at getting the point across. Schmidt and his wife personally greeted the Carters and daughter Amy at the Cologne-Bonn airport instead of waiting to do it formally the next morning, as scheduled. Schmidt and Carter dined and lunched together and appeared together in a folksy chat with the world press. Finally Schmidt appeared with Carter at a US air base in Wiesbaden, in the town square at Frankfurt, and in West Berlin, where because of restrictions agreed upon by the four occupying powers (US, Britain, France, USSR) in 1971 the Chancellor very seldom goes and according to German journalists prefers never to go.

Still according to German journalists, Schmidt considers the penchant of American presidents—John Kennedy in 1963, Richard Nixon in 1969—for visiting the Berlin Wall and demonstrating from the safe side of it that the Soviet and East German Communists can't push them around, to be feckless and uselessly provocative. Carter invited Schmidt to go with him to a singularly unrepulsive segment of the Wall in the British sector, overlooking the brown hillock that covers the bunker where Hitler killed himself and Eva Braun in 1945. Schmidt perforce went with Jimmy, Rosalynn and Amy. He managed to remain all but invisible while Carter peered through binoculars at a figure in a watchtower atop a vacant building on the otherwise deserted East Berlin side. The story went about that the person in the East German tower saluted Carter with a forefinger signaling up-your-ass. It was staff chief Hamilton Jordan, not Carter, who was thus honored.

The aforementioned 1971 four-power agreement bars West German military and other official aircraft from the US, British and French sectors which still comprise "West Berlin." President Scheel, who keeps a residence (Belvedere Palace) in West Berlin, Chancellor Schmidt and other officials therefore must travel either by motorcar over the autobahn through East Germany or on US, British or French aircraft. Schmidt on his rare visits uses a US Air Force DC-9 jet. The only settled facts of a confused yarn are that Carter invited Schmidt to accompany him from Frankfurt to Tempelhof Airport in the US sector of Berlin on the President's Air Force One and that Schmidt and his party went separately on a US DC-9. German, American and other journalists were awaiting Carter's plane at Tempelhof when the story spread among them that Schmidt asked for 10 seats on Air Force One, Carter personally said he could have no more than four, and Schmidt said the hell

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with it and flew separately. Some German newspapers printed various versions of the story as if it were true. Resident and visiting American officials said, in the slightly laundered words of a senior White House official who was asked about it, that the story was a fair sample of the kind of media crap that Carter people were constantly having to deal with. Schmidt went to Berlin the way he chose to go, the officials said. The same officials thought it preposterous that the President should have been asked or expected to make room for Schmidt and his party on Air Force One—"it's very tight," the inquirer was told—by transferring four or 10 or any number of subordinates to a backup plane. Given all the show of repaired friendship, I thought it preposterous that there would be any doubt about giving Schmidt any number of seats within reason that he may have wanted. Preposterous, but not surprising.

Carter's West Berlin visit went well for him. After the tumult of emotion and gratitude that greeted John Kennedy and the less frantic but nonetheless spectacular reception of Richard Nixon, any subsequent visit by an American president had to be anticlimactic. The staging of Carter's visit to the Wall was certainly the poorest of the three: I wasn't there with Kennedy but the stark horror of the bare concrete barrier that Nixon gazed across on a bitter winter day gave a point to the occasion that Carter's lacked. It seemed entirely right that a 10-year-old girl should go skipping up the pipe-and-wooden platform erected for Carter, and there was Amy with her father.

The town meeting with upwards of 1000 Germans that had been arranged for him and his motorcade back to Tempelhof past around half a million people were what this soured observer would call modest triumphs. I still wonder a bit about the prearrangement of the town meeting, an occasion that Americans watching by live television may have had a better look at than I did in the gallery. Although those attending had to submit their questions in writing as they entered and Carter spent half an hour being briefed on some of the questions before he entered, trusted American officials and congenitally untrusting German reporters said it was on the up-and-up. If it seemed to be bland, that was said to be because the questioners with a few exceptions were bland out of courtesy. Carter dealt skillfully with all but two of the questions. One of them led him to promise without qualification to visit Communist East Germany—whether or not, he indicated by omission, that government ever invites him. A girl who said she was Oferhaus Meyer, aged 12, asked: "How much pocket money per week does your daughter Amy get?" Perhaps because the wired earplug through which the German was being translated popped out of his ear just then, Carter answered "zero" and continued as if he'd been asked how much public money Amy gets. The original White House transcript left Carter answering a question he was not asked, in what I took to be a reflection of his sensitivity about the fact that his sons Chip and Jeffrey, their wives and Chip's baby son still live in the White House. A later official transcript noted in parentheses, "At this point the German translator mistakenly asked how much official allowance Amy received." My tape recording, made on the spot, has the translator repeating after Carter replaced the errant earplug: "How much pocket money per week does your daughter Amy get was the question, Mr. President."

Naturally I can't pass up an account of how the latest trouble with UN Ambassador Andrew Young was handled in Bonn. My view of the underlying merits was stated in this journal's June 17 issue: Young is the wrong man in a job that was wrongly conceived from the start, in one of Jimmy Carter's first demonstrations that he did not understand some of the most important processes of national government when he took office. Carter brought most of his human rights trouble on himself when he started playing God with the issue and I have no more sympathy with him on that score than I have for Ambassador Young. A brief recital of the Andy Young sequence from Washington through Bonn is illuminating, though.

This is not, as some journalists suppose, one of those episodes (the Bert Lance story comes to mind) when Carter, staff chief Hamilton Jordan, Press Secretary Jody Powell and media adviser Gerald Rafshoon simply failed to recognize trouble when it slapped them in the puss. Young's outlandish equation of his civil rights experiences in the 1960s and the legal troubles of poor Americans in general with the oppression of Soviet and other Communist dissidents was news to most reporters at the White House on Wednesday, July 12, when Powell entered the press room with a grim look and prepared comment that could have originated only with Carter. Its gist was that only Carter and Secretary of State Cyrus Vance bespoke US foreign policy; that they would not have used Young's language; and that "this particular statement does not reflect the policies of this administration." It was the first rebuke Carter had given Young or let others give him. That night in Geneva, where Vance and Young happened to be on separate business, Vance telephoned Young and they lunched the next day, while Carter was flying to Bonn. Reporters who saw Young that Thursday thought he seemed a little but only a little chastened. His story, already being put out, was that the press had taken out of context excerpts from a long interview in two installments in the Paris newspaper *Le Matin*. It won't wash. I've read all of both installments and if anything they *in toto* compound the impression that Young ought to be sent back to Congress, or somewhere. The interview was mostly about Africa, as he said, but the sad part is that he never has made adequate sense about Africa, either.

Friday in Bonn, after Carter had lumbered through a dullish speech in the town square, he was seen to call

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Jordan, Powell and Rafshoon into the White House limousine that had been flown as usual from Washington for him. They stayed with him, Mrs. Carter and Amy during the ride to the American ambassador's residence and with Carter in the car for half an hour after Rosalynn and Amy got out. The Young problem, it developed, was one of several problems discussed. That night in Geneva, Vance said things to American reporters traveling with him that caused Reuters news agency to report the next day that Carter through Vance had personally ordered Young to shut up. At Tempelhof airport, when Carter was about to leave Berlin, a reporter asked Powell about the Reuters report. Hurried and unsure whether it was true, Powell kissed off the inquiry. Aboard Air Force One, flying to Bonn, Frank Cormier of the AP raised the same question. Sane press secretaries do not kiss off Cormier. Powell checked with Carter. The result appeared in a report to the entire press corps from the "pool" reporters on the plane:

"Just as we were landing, Powell came back to tell us that Carter had called Andy Young early this morning. The President told Young, Powell said: 'He was very unhappy with the choice of words' Young used in the interview and 'several statements he made in the article.' Powell continued: 'Andy agreed that it was a mistake, and an unfortunate one, and he apologized for the problems he caused.'" The pool report continued: "Asked if Young offered to resign, Powell said: 'I can say with assurance that if there had been an offer (to resign), the President wouldn't have accepted it.' Asked if this was the first time Young had been called on the carpet for his views, Powell just smiled." NSC director Zbigniew Brzezinski's press spokesman, Jerrold Schecter, was with Powell. Brzezinski's displeasure with Young is well known. The pool report quoted Schecter saying when Powell smiled and fell silent: "But it's the first time we've done it publicly."

By omitting the fact that Powell was responding to the second of two queries about a published account, the pool report conveyed the impression that Powell had volunteered news that would surely compete with if not eclipse the news of one of Carter's best days. I was one of several reporters who grumped that this was typical Carter White House stupidity. The truth was more interesting. Young's apologists at the White House argued that the President shouldn't forget how Andy Young defended him after he briefly approved neighborhood "ethnic purity" during the 1976 campaign. Powell and Jordan, long since fed up with Young's oral excesses, said yeah, so he did; but he also advised Carter to recognize that he'd made a mistake and to correct it fast. Carter did. Flying home after the summit conference, a numbingly important occasion that we may get around to next week, Carter said:

"Oh, Andy and I have a good relationship and we had a mutual discussion about the problems with his statement. And, uh, in balance I think Andy will be more cautious in the future. But he's a very valuable asset for our country."

That's a step down, anyhow, from "national treasure."

John Osborne

Somebody tell CBS the gulags are not there to tease Jimmy Carter.

The Objective Situation

We have witnessed an appalling performance in recent weeks by the Carter administration and by a substantial part of the American press. Because of our national fascination with personalities, the unprecedented Soviet challenge to the United States—and the lack of anything approaching a coherent response from this country—have been dealt with as if it were all a question of Andrew Young's continued disinformation campaign, or Carter's attempt to appease the American right wing, or the latest installment in the Vance vs. Brzezinski title bout. Our leaders and our opinion makers have demonstrated a systematic unwillingness to deal with the real problem: expansion of Soviet military and political power, and the future of American influence over world affairs.

The coverage of and comment on the Shcharansky and Ginzburg trials have focused on the presumed confrontation between Carter and Brezhnev. *The Washington Post* reached the amazing editorial conclusion (Friday, July 14th) that Carter was jeopardizing Shcharansky by speaking out "right in the middle of the trials." After all, the *Post* reasoned, "part of the Soviet campaign against these men has turned on a determination to deter Jimmy Carter's interventions in the Soviet scene by punishing the people he means to help." The irony of printing these words on Bastille Day could hardly be more perfect, for the *Post*—just like *The New York Times*, CBS News, *et al.*—has conveniently overlooked the history of the Soviet Union. In their indecent haste to write off Alexander Solzhenitsyn as a religious nut, the pundits have forgotten the lesson of the *Gulag Archipelago*. The gulags are not responses to Western meddling in Soviet affairs, nor are they the transient creation of one tyrant or another; they are a fundamental part of the Soviet system. Men like Shcharansky and Ginzburg have been sent to gulags for 60 years, whether American rhetoric was hot or cool, whether our foreign policy was being conducted by Cordell Hull, Henry Kissinger or the current menagerie. For the *Post* to suggest that it was the result of Carter's ham-handed rhetoric, or for Marvin Kalb to conclude his televised analysis of American-Soviet relations with

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the melancholy reflection that the human rights policy was "like a diplomatic rocket . . . out of control," is simply to ignore the systematic use of terror as a central ingredient of Soviet totalitarianism.

The American responsibility for the gulags does not result from inept statesmanship, but rather from what used to be called the objective situation. The Anatoly Shcharanskys are oppressed by the Kremlin because they speak on behalf of *our* values, and these values strike at the heart of the Soviet system. The leaders in the Kremlin know this, and they have fought such ideas ever since the October Revolution by jamming, by censorship and by repression. If the principles of the United Nations Charter and the Helsinki Final Act were enforced in the Soviet Union, the entire system would be destroyed. The occasional speech or brief demonstration is not what upsets the Kremlin; it is what the West represents. This fact is rejected by many of our leading newspapers and commentators, and those who spell it out are labeled conservatives—or worse. Those who confront the Russian tyranny pass for reactionaries, while those who feel we shouldn't meddle with the status quo think of themselves as progressives.

The Western European reaction was considerably more coherent. There were anti-Soviet demonstrations all over Western Europe and in Israel. Most of the leaders of these marches and the signatories of the indignant letters to the Kremlin were representatives of the left: the Socialist and even Communist parties, the trade union movements and national leaders and intellectuals from the same political sector. There were two demonstrations held in Washington on the same day: one in favor of marijuana, another to celebrate Bastille Day with champagne.

Leading American editorial comments reflected a great preoccupation with the possibility that the SALT treaty might become a victim of strained relations between the United States and the Soviet Union. The *Post* was concerned that Soviet domestic behavior and Carter's "high-pitched and self-indulgent response" might encourage anti-SALT senators in America. The *Times* suggested that the proper American response to Soviet behavior (including the spread of Soviet power in Asia and Africa) should be "denunciation and remonstrance—and a deportment that distinguishes symbolic relations of good will from trade and from geopolitical maneuver and all of these from nuclear arms control." In short, the *Post* and the *Times* have already ratified SALT II, even though Vance and Gromyko have yet to agree on a final text, and even though the American government is reconsidering some of its provisions.

The *Times* could not resist a suggestion that those who call for economic sanctions against the Soviet Union are hypocritical: "the only deals worth making ... are those from which we stand to benefit; it is too late in human history to pretend on Sundays that we do not worship mammon during the rest of the week." The American whore, according to the sages of West 43rd Street, should sleep with anyone, provided the price is right. Of course, it is *The New York Times* that has forgotten its presumed principles, for the *Times* does not advocate prostitution of human rights with regard to Rhodesia, South Africa or Chile.

The *Times* has shown us how it proposes to defend Western principles against Soviet attacks. When its Moscow correspondent, Craig Whitney, was dragged into civil court on charges of "slander," the *Times* elected to bring him home for his summer vacation. One might have expected the *Times* to "stand by its story," denounce this act of intimidation, and fight the case in the public arena. Instead, the *Times* went quietly. This is not new. A former high-ranking State Department official with long years of experience in such matters permitted himself the observation that American newspapers are concerned above all to keep their correspondents in Moscow. "American publishers," he said, "are the least courageous, most supine in these cases."

The *Times*'s opposition to any attempt at economic or technological leverage is shared by various American businessmen and their political allies—generally on the right—who consider profit the only issue. The International Harvester Company reacted to the arrest of one of its reps in Moscow . . . by sending a replacement.

Rhetoric by itself is not a foreign policy, as *The New York Times* recognized: "When the spread of Soviet military and diplomatic influence disturbs us. . . there can be only one effective response: the measured use of a countervailing influence." This means American power. We must take a hard look at the strategic and military balance, to ensure that we retain the ability to assert this countervailing influence. This is where the SALT talks come in. There is a great chorus of voices calling for support of SALT, and hardly a whisper about the context in which it must properly be discussed.

One must wonder why an unknown and as yet unsigned strategic arms limitation treaty has become such an article of faith. After all, we are now without a valid SALT treaty: the first lapsed last October and the second is in limbo. Both the press and the administration appear to have a visceral hatred of weapons, and refuse to face the question of American security. Ironically, the American president who is now accused of jeopardizing arms limitation has unilaterally abandoned the B-1 bomber, the neutron warhead and the mobile intercontinental ballistic missile system. He has done all this in the hope of obtaining a comparable gesture from the Soviet Union. None has emerged. Instead, the Russians are well into production of a fourth generation of ballistic missiles (and are developing a fifth) and their foreign policy shows no sign of restraint. It is reasonable to worry that a second SALT treaty might sanction the current growing Soviet

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superiority in overall strategic and conventional forces.

The political trials of men like Shcharansky and Ginzburg directly affect SALT because they are a violation of Soviet legal obligations. So is the harassment of American journalists in Moscow. Such behavior is forbidden by the Helsinki Final Act. These violations should undermine American confidence in the Soviet Union's willingness to observe its obligations. Rather than making the trials a purely moral question, the president and the secretary of state should have stressed the problem of Soviet credibility: if they break their Helsinki promises and send Shcharansky and Ginzburg to the gulags, why should we expect them to abide by SALT? The SALT protocol—involving issues like the Backfire bomber—depends to some extent on mutual faith, and not on continuous inspection.

This is not to say that SALT is a bad thing, but the *Post* and the *Times* have been overeager in their endorsement of it. This is a question for a serious national debate. The president should inspire and lead this vital discussion, but there is no reason to believe this will be possible. His conduct of foreign policy has caused concern at home and been destabilizing abroad. He has given no evidence that he can lead the country through a dispassionate and prolonged discussion of the current state of the world. If Jimmy Carter cannot bring himself to fire Andrew Young for the vulgar sabotage of our human rights policy, the initiative for a serious discussion of foreign policy must come from another source. The Congress must undertake this task. It is ill-suited for such a role, and the timing is poor: we need this discussion now, and many members are busy electioneering. They are likely to prefer anti-Soviet rhetoric to serious analysis, and this will only make a very bad situation even worse.

Michael Ledeen

Michael Ledeen is executive editor of the *Washington Review of Strategic and International Studies.*

Not for his eyes only.

Memo for Andy Young

Following your latest piece of hyperbole—your slight confusion of the Birmingham city jail with a Siberian gulag—you might ponder some friendly but critical observations on your predicament. What follows is different from the scoldings you've been getting from Cyrus Vance, the weary sanctimony of your many critics in Congress and the press or the cavalier encouragement of your admirers in the United Nations and the Black Caucus.

First, a word about some of those supporters, especially the boys at the UN. Your controversial statements about US racism and tyranny have won applause among assorted third world missions, but don't forget the hypocrisy of your audience. Most of your fellow delegates represent corrupt petty tyrannies with little taste for your kind of free speech or self-examination in their own politics. Since you like cross-cultural comparisons, consider that much of the present UN membership, from Afghanistan through Zambia, makes the antebellum American South look downright democratic. And those regimes will continue to follow their own interests no matter how ingratiating they find the US ambassador to the UN.

Your rhetorical flourishes aren't doing much for needy folks back home either. "The symbolism of a black American speaking for this country to all the nations of the world will not be lost," Mary McGrory wrote when you were named to be UN ambassador. Now, a year and a half later, the international prestige is as ephemeral as ever and the main impact of your tenure on race relations has been to arm conservatives with new slurs, and variously to puzzle, offend, and ignore the large majority of blacks and whites who welcomed your appointment.

Your problems began with an intellectual heedlessness that is tragic in a man of your intelligence and sensibility. As your most recent statements about "political prisoners" showed so vividly, you appear incapable of drawing those distinctions essential to political understanding—and to moral choice and leadership in this blurred century. Bull Connor, however secure his place in history, was not Leonid Brezhnev. The jails of Mississippi and Chicago, however harsh, are not the labor colonies of Kazakhstan and Kirghizia. And civil rights activists, irate consumers or environmentalists, or peace demonstrators, whatever their tribulations, have never been Alexander Ginzburg, Andrei Sinyavsky, Alexander Solzhenitsyn or those faceless, apolitical, random millions who accompanied them into the Soviet concentration camps over the last half-century. It takes nothing away from your courage and sacrifice, in their particular setting, to say that when you and others of your generation went to jail for politics in America it was an honor, not to mention of predictably short duration.

"Freedom greets you in the light and brothers give you back the sword," wrote the Russian poet. But what do you do—grandson of a prosperous bayou entrepreneur, son of a well-to-do dentist, schooled in private academy and colleges, veteran of little more than high pressure hoses and jeering crowds, duly rewarded with genteel fundraisers in Atlanta and Washington—really know of *that* darkness and of *that* sword? Your current posture resembles the sort of presumption you and your colleagues used to object to among white liberals who didn't *know* the black poor.

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What is worse, however, is that your shrill comparisons only obscure the fragile emerging understanding in this country that there *is* a species of American totalitarianism, that we do have our political prisoners and martyrs and tyrannies, albeit subtle, more benign and less ubiquitous than Russia's. We shall never see our complex plight so long as we can so easily dismiss such crude caricatures of it.

Half-truths, to be sure, are half true. The British certainly did not "invent racism," but their empire and its bedraggled remnant have not been examples of racial justice. The Swedes, as you once pronounced with nasty allusions to the Borough of Queens, are not much on race relations either. As for Richard Nixon qualifying as a "racist"—if not by Jimmy Carter's definition, the record, is, alas, painfully clear. And if there were ever an "illegitimate" government, meaning suspect of origin and genealogy, it is South Africa.

The deeper flaw in your record is not that you have said so much, but that you have *done* so little. Where are the signs of bureaucratic battle over the issues that matter to the disenfranchised at home and abroad? Where is the curbing of the CIA liaison and the corporate connections that mock your words about South Africa? Where is the genuine control of conventional arms traffic that bleeds and bloodies the poor world but produces vast profits for Americans? Where are the concrete economic initiatives for reducing the disparity between the Northern and Southern hemispheres? Most sadly, where are the voice and power of Andy Young as the administration has trimmed its human rights policy back to a vague shell in a dozen client dictatorships around the world? Closer to your own ostensible domain, where is the fresh talent and new thought in your UN mission, in which important positions are still dominated by stale careerists (the most senior of whom were also key aides in the Nixon administration)?

The politics of all this should be no mystery to you. When you and your brother grew up as the only black children in a middle-class Irish-Italian neighborhood, when you ran New York youth programs for the National Council of Churches, when you organized civil rights campaigns for Martin Luther King and Ralph Abernathy, you seemed to understand that change in policy and people meant hard, often dirty work—not loud talk or shocking characterizations. Consider the dead-end logic of your present condition, in which congressional black leaders now pronounce black destiny under Jimmy Carter as dependent on Andrew Young's tenure, and your tenure has come to depend in turn on your own silence and compliance. Where do such tactics take you? For the moment, you have probably forfeited even the option of credible resignation and whistle-blowing.

In accepting the job as Carter's UN ambassador, in giving up your eventual succession to chairmanship of the House Rules Committee, you entered the heart of the establishment, the tight little sanctuary of foreign policy where mystique and internal politics are everything. And there you are alone. Where are your smart effective politics now that you, and we, need them most: the strategic leak, the skillful mobilization, the wars of attrition by patience and principle? It may not be an edifying, dramatic politics, but you chose it long ago, and without it you have nothing. To become the house scandal of that system, as you well know, is to surrender to it—and to leave it, as your outrageous statements leave our national political mythology, stronger than before.

A reconversion to smart politics makes sense only if you are more than the ambitious incompetent your critics allege you to be. Your occasional, outrageous reminders of the ambiguity of reality may unsettle the clerks from time to time and titillate UN ambassadors. But more often they are simply irrelevant, an indulgence of the cult of half-baked candor to no political end except your own demise.

Roger Morris

The unpleasant meaning of Jarvis fever.

Distribution Wars

We have had our fun. Now that we have enjoyed meeting crusty old Howard Jarvis and watched our new folk hero cut a swath through the media, it is time to glance soberly at what happened last month in California. California of course is special because much of the nation's kookiness starts there and spreads east. Certain features of the state's economy accentuated its voters' customary receptiveness to novelty. Property taxes there are 50 percent above the national average. The state also imposes a comparatively progressive levy on personal income. At a time when a spectacular five billion dollar surplus lay idle in the state treasury, taxpayers discovered that inflation had shoved them into higher income tax brackets and a parallel escalation of property values had sometimes doubled or trebled tax bills for their homes. Only Texas, Colorado, and Arizona have approached the levels of California's property boom. No other jurisdiction has produced so startling a surplus. Quite possibly some California voters saw the surplus as a better way than property taxes to pay for government services.

The interesting phenomenon then is the spread of Jarvis fever to the rest of the country. In Massachusetts, a certain Jim McGuinn of the Association for Concerned Taxpayers (are there any unconcerned taxpayers?) exulted, "If California can do it, so can we." In New York, my state, an ambitious

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Commissioner of Commerce, without consulting the governor, suggested a constitutional amendment to limit state spending. In many of the 20-odd states that authorize referenda like California's, petition gatherers have taken new heart. Congress and the president, several hundred profiles in courage, threaten to use Proposition 13 as an all-purpose excuse to gut spending bills and to abandon welfare reform, urban aid, national health and aid to other countries.

The mood is sour and facts will not sweeten it. Nevertheless, just for the record, American taxpayers are less burdened than the citizens of most advanced industrial societies. *The Economist* of London—which hates taxes and celebrates private enterprise with passion that, allowing for differences of national temperament, approximates that of Milton Friedman and Irving Kristol—notes that Americans surrender a smaller fraction of their incomes to tax collectors than the inhabitants of any other comparable country except Switzerland and Japan. The Dutch, Swedes, French, British, West Germans, Canadians and Italians all pay more. Seven countries including West Germany start taxes on personal income at rates higher than our own 14 percent. Five countries stop at top rates higher than the American 70 percent on property and 50 percent on wages and salaries. By world criteria, Americans get off lightly.

Are Americans really meaner, more self-centered, more devoted to the doctrine of "I'm all right, Jack" than Europeans and Canadians? This hypothesis contradicts much evidence of both American generosity and European self-preoccupation. This journal was not wrong to entitle its editorial reaction to the triumph of Proposition 13 "Me First" (*TNR*, June 17). But when hasn't it been "me first" for most families scraping along on moderate incomes and deploying limited stocks of altruism for those still less well off? For that matter, the elaborate structure of economic analysis is premised on precisely the sort of assumptions—consumers maximizing their own satisfaction and entrepreneurs maximizing their profits—that amount to dignified versions of "me first."

A clue to why "me first" has struck now with the virulence of the plague is a single statistic. For Americans outside of the South, real income has been stagnant since 1969—very nearly a decade. Our episodes of public altruism have occurred in the last half century, either when a horrifying depression opened the door to the New Deal or when an unusually rapid spell of economic growth generated Treasury receipts large enough to allow both tax reductions for the prosperous and relatively generous new programs for the poor. As soon as Vietnam sopped up the proceeds of growth, the nation's affection for the Great Society faltered. During the 1950s, when growth was slow, the pace of social innovation was glacial.

To explain invariably is to extenuate. But acquittal of the charge of beastliness beyond the bounds of everyday selfishness diminishes not in the slightest the reverberations of the California signal. It is, I think, the official start of a new political game whose explicit theme is distribution rather than growth. Jerry Brown latched on to something important in his initial stress on the politics of limits and the economics of small is beautiful. As the June vote may have suggested to him, he committed the political error of failing to translate the slogans into lower taxes and lower government expenditures.

The politics of distribution are likely to be ugly. As the British economist Rudolf Klein has described them, "One man's prize is another man's loss. If the blacks want to improve their share of desirable goods, it can only be at the expense of whites. If the over-65s are to be given higher pensions, or improved medical services, it can only be at the expense of the working population or the young." Moreover, Klein added, "It would seem only too likely that the haves would man the barricades to defend their share of resources, against the have-nots."

For better or worse, slow growth is likely to characterize the remainder of this century. Each year OPEC skims off a third or so of potential growth resources. As national income is conventionally measured, belated expenditures on the environment, product safety and occupational health subtract from the funds available for conventional investment in new equipment and factories. Global competition between ourselves, the Russians and the Chinese will lead one way or another to transfers of American resources to the developing societies of Asia, Africa, the Middle East and Latin America.

Even before Proposition 13, signs were abundant that the distribution war was beginning. The affirmative action controversy practically dissolved ancient alliances among blacks and Jews. Places become ever more desirable in the very best law, business, and medical schools, the ones which hold out glittering prizes like the $30,000 starting salaries paid to honor graduates of a very few law schools by a handful of major New York law firms. Layoffs have pitted unions against women's groups. The strict seniority that determines the order of layoff in most union contracts discriminates sharply against not only women but also blacks and Hispanics only recently hired frequently in response to pressure from Washington agencies. This layoff problem did not arise when the economy seemed to be perpetually expanding. When Congress, a few exceptions aside, extended the age of compulsory retirement from 65 to 70, there was no dancing in the streets by the young. When growth is slow, only retirement opens slots for promotion in corporations, government offices and universities. Economic stagnation knocks women's prospects on the head. How much is any affirmative action hiring scheme worth if almost nobody gets hired, the current situation in academia?

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In a time of hard choices, it might appear natural to shift the burdens of the public sector as far as possible onto the prosperous and affluent. But we seem to be doing the opposite. Personal income tax rates once ranged from 20 to 91 percent. Corporations in time past supplied a higher percentage of Treasury receipts than they do now. The Treasury's computation of revenues lost through assorted loopholes climbs annually.

The failures of tax reform are too frequent and too consistent to alarm the rich or encourage the rest of us. From Kennedy onward, presidents have promised to reform the tax code. Invariably they either withdraw their proposals in the hope of getting Congress to approve other legislation, or the proposals are slaughtered in Senator Russell Long's Finance Committee. President Carter will be hard put to ward off schemes like the Steiger amendment, designed to shower tax benefits on the wealthy collectors of capital gains, and the Roth-Kemp proposal to cut federal taxes by 30 percent.

In sad fact, on tax matters little separates the two major parties. Here as on so many other issues, political debate is stultified by the absence of the sort of democratic left that makes European politics more interesting than ours. For the practical citizen, the absence of reasonable alternatives on the left translates into foreclosure of any prospect of getting the affluent to unbelt. A person of middling estate, it follows, can improve his position, at least through the political process, only at the cost of the poor. Proposition 13 and its many imitations indicate that a large part of the public has accepted those articles of true conservatism that assert the wastefulness of all government action (with the possible exception of the Pentagon), the superiority of private markets, the immorality and sloth of the welfare population and the stifling impact upon incentives to work and invest of "high" taxes. This traditional theology has been buttressed by the television appearances of a new California resident, Milton Friedman, currently based at the Hoover Institution at Stanford, and the writings of a young University of Southern California economist, Arthur Laffer, who has shown to his own satisfaction that the best way to enlarge tax receipts is to lower tax rates.

There is little explicit racism, sexism, or generational rage in the current "revolt." As far as one can tell, nobody set out to zap blacks, women or the young. Nevertheless, the immediate impact of Proposition 13 and its progeny will be substantial layoffs of public workers with least seniority. These as usual are young, black, Hispanic, and female. Although nationwide a majority of welfare beneficiaries are white, many or even most people appear to think that welfare is a black problem. Perhaps by no coincidence, welfare allotments have failed to keep pace with inflation. Unions bargain for cost-of-living adjustments (known as COLAs). Welfare families are lucky if their meager cash allotments are not actually reduced.

Government service cutbacks affect people of differing economic status differently. Affluent parents can send their children to private schools, buy books and records, substitute vacation and weekend expeditions for local parks and public beaches, club together with neighbors to hire private security guards to fill the gaps created by police layoffs and arrange for paid refuse collection. Poorer moms and dads perforce rely upon publicly funded schools, libraries, parks and beaches, police and fire forces and sanitation men. Our standard of life is a composite of our earnings and free public services. When the latter shrink, those who make most use of them suffer most. Yet as public services deteriorate and some people find substitutes, the constituency willing to support them also shrinks. This is an important reason why school financing measures have generally fared so badly at the polls in recent years.

These current events are a delight to a good many economists. They amount to the actual and potential "privatization" of public goods, an ugly word to define an ugly phenomenon. But some economists find comfort in the familiar argument that private markets widen choice, promote competition and enhance efficiency. Economists, members of a technically adroit but politically and socially illiterate caste, typically neglect distributional effects and class relationships. These are far from trivial in this context. California's reduction in property taxes enhances existing tax inequities. Two-thirds of the reduction benefits landlords and other owners of commercial property. It remains to be seen how many of the former will reduce rents, as Jerry Brown has sternly but powerlessly advised them to do. Service reductions bear most heavily upon poor and working-class families. Welfare economies, the voters' favorite, hurt the most vulnerable of social groups. Thus the net impact of the great tax rebellion in California is likely to be substantial transfers of real income from the poor to the prosperous and affluent, from the young to the middle-aged and older and from blacks and Hispanics to whites.

At best the ties that bind rich, middle class and poor, young and old, black and white, and diverse ethnic and religious groups, are fragile. Although Americans are reluctant to concede the fact, class is as much a brooding presence in American affairs as race. Traditionally public schools and public universities have helped to mitigate class divisions—and racial divisions as well since the 1954 *Brown* decision. The declining popularity of public schools is bad news for partisans of social and racial harmony.

In the current national mood we probably cannot escape a national experiment in the redistribution of taxation, services and incomes. But perhaps the duration of this experiment will be limited, when it begins to dawn on blue- and white-collar workers that

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they have gotten precious little tax relief and lost services of considerable value. The next few years may suggest an answer to the question whether in a time of sharp economic limits, a decent political left begins to emerge with a sober appreciation of genuine self-interest. That genuine self-interest—current furors to the contrary notwithstanding—is not attached to the progeny of Proposition 13.

Robert Lekachman

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Solzhenitsyn's mental prison.

Mother Russia's Prodigal Son

One interest of Solzhenitsyn's jeremiad against the West is that it lets us into the yawning and too often inaccessible spaces of the Russian soul. Far from speaking as one who has turned his back on Russia, he spoke as still her true if prodigal son. His complaint that the West has "never understood" Russia may or may not be justified, but his own address was an echo of much of what the West has been hearing from Russia for a thousand years.

Behind Solzhenitsyn's dire predictions was the almost sacred belief of Russians that they will be the salvation of mankind. He did not say this explicitly, but it is the meaning of a passage like this: "Through intense suffering our country [Russia] has now achieved a spiritual development of such intensity that the western system in its present state of spiritual exhaustion does not look attractive. [During the past six decades] we have been through a spiritual development far in advance of western experience. Life's complexity and mortal weight have produced stronger, deeper and more interesting characters than those generated by standardized western well-being." How often we have been told of the suffering of Russia; of the deeper and more intense spirituality that is its result; and of the destiny of Russia to redeem the soul of man, however many millennia the world must wait until Russia first redeems itself.

Ever since the fall of the Byzantine Empire—the Second Rome—the idea of Russia as the Third Rome has been proclaimed. The monk Filofei first expounded it to Ivan III: "And take note, O religious and gracious Tsar, that all Christian kingdoms are merged into thine alone, that two Romes have fallen, but the third stands, and there will be no fourth. Thy Christian kingdom shall not fall to the lot of another." The Third International was simply the idea of the Third Rome in another form. The mystical Russian nationalism to which Solzhenitsyn has increasingly given expression in his later writings, and which was also there in his address at Harvard, is the same theme in another traditional and no less authoritarian guise.

The messianic mission of the Russians is never more tedious than when they proclaim the spiritual benefits of suffering. To come from a country that seems unable, century after century, to stop inflicting untold suffering on its own peoples, and to urge the West to suffer in the same way for the good of its soul, will always ensure an audience. But after a time it seems more than a little suspect. "I do not want happiness even as a gift," exclaimed Belinsky, "unless I have peace of mind about my brothers in blood." He was not the most pleasant of the not notably very pleasant members of the Russian intelligentsia in the 19th century, but unfortunately his voice was typical of many of them, as when Radischev burst out that his soul was "wounded by the suffering of humanity." Have we not learned in the past two centuries that men whose souls are too deeply wounded by the suffering of humanity are dangerous, because they too easily claim a license to destroy the society or even the world that is so monstrously evil? Those who wander around with their stakes, asking to be martyrs, too often end up causing others to be put to the stake.

To make the experience of Communist oppression seem ennobling, which is what Solzhenitsyn does, is surely an unforgivable misuse of suffering. Yet it is exactly in that direction that Solzhenitsyn has been moving in his latest works. In his book, *Solzhenitsyn: Politics and Form*, Francis Barker points out that as far back as *The First Circle*, Solzhenitsyn was already wondering about the benefits of prison life, as when Nerzhin asks: "Where else but in prison could one get to know people so well, where else could one reflect so well on oneself? . . . I swear I will never forget the real human greatness that I have come to know only in prison. . . . Think how fortunate we are to be sitting round this table, able to exchange ideas without fear or concealment. We couldn't have done that when we were free, could we?" But there is still something qualified and tentative in the idea. By the time we reach *The Gulag Archipelago*, however, prison has become a transcendent spiritual experience for the prisoner: "Submissiveness to fate, the total abdication of your own will in the shaping of your life . . . all this freed the prisoner from any bondage . . . and even ennobled him. . . . They have tightly bound my body, but my soul is beyond their power. . . . *Bless you, prison*, for having been in my life." No amount of suffering that Solzhenitsyn has personally endured justifies this

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mystifying and mythologizing of the experience.

When he says that the prisoner is "purified by suffering . . . purged of every imperfection," when he talks of "that glimmering light" that "the soul of the prisoner begins to emit, like the halo of a saint," one even wonders if he is any longer a trustworthy interpreter of the events he describes. This is all very Russian, again, but it is also now very Solzhenitsyn. Archibald MacLeish has pointed out that he lives a very sequestered life, barricaded into his great mansion in Vermont, occasionally sallying forth to flail the West for allowing its citizens too much freedom. He has made a prisoner of himself in his house in Vermont, or at least he leads the life of a prisoner there. It is hard to avoid the feeling that the life of the prisoner has become the only one he can live, that what was heard in Harvard Square was the voice of a man who no longer has an inkling of what it means to be free. "Suffering must be borne," he writes of the Russian peasant soldiers in *August 1914* under the ferocious German bombardment. "There is no way out." There is a spiritual passivity here that is at the root of his extreme authoritarianism.

Ronald Hingley in *The Russian Mind* says that Russians have been so starved of liberty that many of those who defect find it difficult to adjust to Western life, whether in America or Britain, France or Israel, because "to one drilled and regimented from the cradle such alien environments can easily present the nightmare spectacle of utter chaos." This is exactly what Solzhenitsyn was criticizing in his references to the excessive freedom of the West: in what he calls "an unlimited freedom of enjoyment," in the too "broad limits of the law," in societies that appear to "have little defense against the abyss of human decadence," in "a tilt of freedom in the direction of evil," in the freedom of the press, in the "TV stupor" and "intolerable music." All that he was describing is the untidiness of a free society, and the ability of its people to live with that untidiness, while in fact imposing their own order on it by all kinds of checks and balances. How much safer to be back in prison, which Nerzhin says in *The First Circle* "saved him from countless youthful mistakes," where heads "were not full of trivial worries about their jobs, office intrigue or anxieties about promotion, their shoulders unbowed by care about housing, fuel, food and clothing for their children," and where even love, "man's age-old source of pleasure and suffering, was powerless to touch them, with its agony and expectation." At one point he describes prison as an ark—"The men floating in this ark were detached . . . and their thoughts could wander unfettered"—and even says that the prisoner may "enter the heavenly kingdom of the liberated spirit."

Having known so little freedom down all the centuries, the Russians have always been tempted by images such as this. Not only has Russian authority over the centuries tended to be more severe than elsewhere, but it has even grown more severe as such authoritarianism has been relaxed in the West. It has often been pointed out that Russia experienced neither the Renaissance nor of course the Reformation, and the Enlightenment reached it in the form of the "enlightened autocracy" of Catherine the Great. It is not surprising that Solzhenitsyn criticized these movements—"the prevailing western view of the world which was first born during the Renaissance, and found its political expression from the period of the Enlightenment"—because they "based modern western civilization on the dangerous trend to worship man and his material needs." The Renaissance and the Enlightenment "turned our backs upon the Spirit and embraced all that is material with excessive and unwarranted zeal," and "a total liberation occurred from the moral heritage of Christian centuries with their great reserves of mercy and sacrifice." There is nothing new in all this—it is just the traditional voice of Russian authoritarianism and Orthodoxy—and there is nothing for the West to learn from it.

Solzhenitsyn's criticisms of the decadence of Western civilization echo many Russian voices that have preceded him. Whether it is Solzhenitsyn, or the Slavophils, a reactionary such as Leontev or a revolutionary such as Herzen, or the *narodnik* socialists, it is always the West that is dying and Russia that has reserves of vitality. "However horrible the autocratic regime of Nicholas I, its serfdom and its illiteracy, yet it was precisely in Russia, in the Russian people that" for men such as Herzen "there lay hidden the latent power to fashion a new and better life, not petty and not bourgeois." There is no evidence for such a belief; it is mystical.

Nicolas Berdyaev cannot contain his astonishment at his countryman's naive faith. "The amazing thing is that in the Russian peasantry, living as they were in conditions of serfdom and devoid of the most elementary enlightenment, Herzen saw a greater expression of personality than in the European who had become a bourgeois." This old faith is in Solzhenitsyn still, even though he has seen a revolution impose only another form of serfdom on a whole people, leaving them almost as elementarily unenlightened as before. Just as Herzen saw the potentialities of Russia in the *muzhik* in his grey sheepskin coat, Solzhenitsyn writes of the peasants of 1914: "no camera-lens can ever again find those trusting, bearded men, those friendly eyes, those placid, selfless faces." This sentimentalization leaves one wondering: if "since then our national make-up has changed completely," where in Russia today lies the deposit of this latent spirituality? Where is the proof that there is a "weakening of human beings in the West while in the East they are becoming firmer and stronger"? Solzhenitsyn should be asked sometimes to be specific in his apocalyptic visions.

Solzhenitsyn has said it all before, often in much the

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same phrases, in his Nobel Prize Lecture and his "Letter to Soviet Leaders." This repeated litany suggests that his mind has hardened into a groove, and that the more it runs in that groove the deeper the groove becomes. The real world and his own experience *today* no longer seem to touch him, with the exception of the TV commercials which, as Archibald MacLeish said, are presumably his only contact with American life. He has left *fact* behind, and entered into "the heavenly kingdom of the liberated spirit," isolated in his own prison, detached from the actual world in his ark, a living example of Belinsky's own description of himself: "I become terrible when I get some mystical absurdity into my head."

Henry Fairlie

The old hard line versus the new "globalism"—When will Zbig make up his mind?

Carter's Soviet Problem

by Stanley Hoffmann

In many parts of the world, and over many issues, the foreign policy of the Carter administration has suffered from an inability to translate good ideas into effective policies, or to relate tactics to goals. But concerning the most important issue in world affairs—East-West relations—the administration has not even been able to define its goals clearly. There are two conflicting visions. In recent weeks, the conflict has been described as a clash between Zbigniew Brzezinski's hard line and Cyrus Vance's softer approach. The president's own expressed views have varied. But Carter's own independent thinking does not weigh heavily in foreign affairs, except on the issues of human rights and nuclear non-proliferation. With little personal experience, he turns to his advisers for wisdom. When the subject of relations with Moscow comes up, they present him with conceptual contradictions. The contradictions are not merely between the analysis of the National Security Council and that of the State Department: the conflict is also found within Brzezinski's own ideas.

The view of the world expressed during Carter's campaign and in the speeches on foreign policy that followed his election seemed, not surprisingly, to resemble the views Brzezinski developed during the years he directed the work of the Trilateral Commission. Brzezinski saw the world as far too diverse and complex to be managed by a Kissingerian balance-of-power system regulated by the Washington-Moscow-Peking triangle. Kissinger may have hoped that detente not only would reduce tension between the US and the two major Communist powers, but also would help to defuse conflicts in other parts of the world. But clearly this did not happen. The agenda of international politics, especially after October 1973, was filled with troubles and topics that had nothing to do with the cold war. In particular, there were new economic issues involving the US, its allies and the third world, but barely involving the Soviet Union. To cope with such issues, Brzezinski believed, and to exploit our one huge advantage—technological and economic power—the US had to encourage diversity and to understand the new demand for equality, which he believed was rapidly replacing the earlier demand for national liberation. In other words, he felt that we had to be seen on the "progressive" side.

All of this meant that the East-West conflict would no longer be treated as the key issue, or as the grid of world politics. It also meant that the US should contain Soviet ambitions by a preventive approach, instead of merely reacting to Soviet moves: we should try to deal in time with the problems which, unresolved, might lead countries to turn to the Communists. We should continue to seek arms limitations, but without any illusions about the spillover of such agreements into other realms. When the solution of a local conflict seemed to require the cooperation of the Soviets—as in the Middle East—we should seek it, too. More concerned now with change than with stability, with "polycentrism" than with blocs, we could even relax our hostility toward Communists in Western Europe, since they seemed to be putting some distance between themselves and Moscow, and were playing a domestic

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political role we could not ignore. In other words, in contrast to the Kissinger era, Brzezinski's prescription was to pay more attention to domestic realities abroad, and to stop using the East-West balance as the only criterion of policy.

The Carter administration's emphasis on global issues—human rights, arms sales, nuclear proliferation, economic coordination among the advanced capitalist countries, the law of the seas, etc.—reflected the shift away from the politics of great power equilibrium, and the desire to appear again as a force for idealism and progress. This approach soon caused some serious problems in Soviet-American relations. It assumed that the East-West problem would best be dealt with by benign neglect. Kissinger had wanted to contain rising Soviet power by trapping it in a web of US-Soviet relationships. Brzezinski wanted to contain it, not by returning to the pactomania of the 1950s, but by drying out the pond of possible Soviet mischief. This assumed that the Soviets would watch this huge peripheral strategy passively.

But that strategy could not fail to appear to the Soviets as a deliberate challenge. They knew that Kissinger's objective was to "moderate," if not to tame them; but he was trying to do so by putting Soviet-American detente at the core of his policy, by acknowledging strategic parity, by running willingly the risk of appearing at times as the sponsor of a superpowers' condominium. The Carter approach meant, clearly, a demotion of the Soviet Union. The Soviets' pride was hurt. Prestige and presence have been major Soviet goals: being recognized as a superpower by the one state which they have always considered to be not merely their only competitor, but the most powerful state on earth, has been a major objective of their policy. They thought they had reached it, but now it was being denied again. Indeed, they were being dismissed as unimportant to the solution of many problems because of their internal inefficiency: not a very friendly argument. Carter may not have understood that his policy would be read as hostile in Moscow, but so it was.

The new approach was bound to lead to head-on collisions in at least two areas. One was human rights. Even though the attack on violations was intended to be universal—aimed at Nicaragua as well as at the Soviets—this did not make its anti-Soviet thrust any less real. A cardinal principle of the Kissinger era was being revoked: the separation between the domestic political systems of the great powers and their diplomatic relations. Kissinger had even conceded that each great power had the exclusive right to interfere in the affairs of its own allies. (That was the Sonnenfeldt doctrine.) But this too was now challenged. "Polycentrism" meant that even as we might be more favorable to Eurocommunism as a way to weaken the Soviet internationale, we would not refrain from encouraging autonomy in the Soviet satellites—an old Brzezinski goal, centered quite naturally on Poland.

The new approach also contradicted an old one that was still there, or rather that reemerged after having been somewhat subdued between 1970 and 1975 (between the Jordanian crisis of September 1970, and the Angola crisis). This is what I would call the cold war instinct: the determination to be "tough" about Soviet moves, to confront them with military strength, and the tendency to deal with local conflicts in East-West terms. This instinct had never disappeared. Some of Kissinger's worst mistakes (Bangladesh, even the Middle East in 1971-1972) can be blamed on the cold war instinct. But Kissinger kept this instinct subordinated to his grand design. And Kissinger was smart enough to avoid anti-Soviet rhetoric even while practicing anti-Soviet policies. Obviously, the Nixon opening to China had an anti-Soviet thrust. But it was carefully presented as aimed against nobody—as a mere recognition of realities long ignored by America—and as part of a strategy of detente with *both* Communist powers.

But there is a fundamental contradiction between the new Carter approach, the strategy of indirection, and the cold war instinct. You cannot insist *both* that the Soviet-American relation is no longer central and that you intend to be tougher toward the Russians. The first major foreign policy act of the new administration was to send Vance to Moscow with tough new arms control proposals: a strange way of establishing the less central role of East-West affairs. This could only convince the Soviet leaders (always suspicious of American policies and more willing to look for somber designs than to accept confusion as an explanation) that the new approach was merely an elaborate cover-up of the old instinct.

Brzezinski always has possessed that old cold war instinct. Like Kissinger, he was taught at Harvard in the 1950s about the evils of Munich and the need for "situations of strength." His best work as an academic is his work on the Soviet Union and the Soviet bloc (not his "technetronic" stuff, which is derivative and mainly shows a neophyte's enthusiasm for American technology). By temper, he is a fighter, rather than an "architect": his concepts are often shifty and shallow; his drive for verbal battle and local combat is real and permanent. Above all, as much as Kissinger, he tends to analyze local conflicts in East-West terms. In the 1960s he was an ardent hawk over Vietnam, which he saw as a problem of containment. His pointedly anti-Soviet statements in China last May perfectly express this side of his personality.

Because of its contradictory implications, the new approach—based on Brzezinski's more recent writings—did not give the administration adequate guidelines for its policy toward Moscow. As a result, three things happened. After the fiasco of Vance's first visit, which seemed to jeopardize SALT, the ad-

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ministration enlisted Marshall Shulman and reverted to a pro-detente position reminiscent of Kissinger's. It played up areas of cooperation, it played down the clash over human rights. Carter's speech in Baltimore last summer and the US final stand in Belgrade are examples of this shift. Second, it became clear that the "global agenda" could not be disengaged from the persistent East-West conflict, and furthermore that Soviet-American cooperation would remain difficult and limited. Therefore, the administration was forced to dampen some of its world order enthusiasms. For instance it reverted to hostility against Eurocommunism; and it softened the edge of its anti-proliferation, anti-arms sales and pro-human rights policies in order to preserve good relations with strong anti-Soviet allies, such as Iran, Saudi Arabia and Brazil. Third, we discovered that the Soviets, fresh from their success in Angola, were continuing to exploit opportunities in Africa, and were threatening both our supplies of minerals and our own African policy (which was entirely derived from the new approach). Brzezinski had favored that policy—devised by Andrew Young, Tony Lake and Richard Moose at the State Department—only to the extent it could prevent, as he put it, the confrontations between the whites and the blacks from becoming a clash between the whites and the reds—(that is as long as it could keep the Russians and Cubans out). When it began to fail that test, he let his cold war instinct loose and went on an anti-Moscow rampage.

To make the Soviet-American rivalry the dominant factor in our foreign policy once again would be a disaster. Having so recently underestimated the Soviets' ability to thwart our moves, and treated them as a second-rate power with a repugnant ideology, a repressive political system and a weak economy, we should not now overestimate their military power and political skills. The military doomsday scenarios of Paul Nitze and Richard Pipes are not based on an analysis either of the respective arsenals or of Soviet intentions. Rather, they depend on the assumption that Soviet strategic superiority in *some* domains would induce a failure of will in America, and therefore make other nations more susceptible to Soviet blackmail. Given the destructive power we possess, there is not the slightest necessity for such a failure of will. If it should ever happen, it would be due to factors other than the strategic balance. As long as the failure of will has not happened, even the imbalance between NATO and the Warsaw Pact (not a new factor) has no political effects. (Has anyone seen signs of Finlandization lately?) In Africa (as President Nyerere of Tanzania pointed out), deep Soviet involvement is evident in only two countries: in Ethiopia, at the request of the government after a third of its territory had been occupied by Somali forces; and in Angola, at the request of the MPLA after we allowed South African forces to help our losing allies. The Soviets have the military capacity for further intervention, but whether they will be able to apply it depends on the political evolution of Africa.

This raises a second disadvantage of a cold war approach: it is likely to worsen, not to improve, our own prospects in various parts of the world. In the early 1950s, when we tried to draft Arab states as allies against the Soviets, we produced two results: a weak "northern tier" and an Egyptian-Soviet alliance. We can't act as if the Soviet-American contest did not affect other conflicts, but we also can't behave as if an anti-Soviet barrier were the answer in each troubled area. Vietnam is relevant to Africa: when the West appears as the force for colonialism, it provides a splendid opening to Communism. An Africa divided into pro-Western "moderates" and pro-Soviet "radicals" would find us aligned with some pretty shaky regimes. Some of the major African states we have been cooperating with in our search for a solution to the problems of Rhodesia and Namibia would be forced, against their preferences, to turn to Soviet influence. A cold war perspective would soon make us the bedfellows of South Africa, and this would push much of black Africa toward the Soviets and Cubans. In this part of the world (as in others), the struggle for national liberation has *not* been superseded by the fight for equality; and in southern Africa, alas, the Soviets usually have been able to appear on the side of liberation.

A cold war perspective also would complicate the search for a solution to the Arab-Israeli conflict. There was progress only after Egypt emancipated itself from Soviet influence and we became able to look at the issues in their own terms. As long as the cold war outlook dominated, it was difficult for us to reconcile our support for Israel with our desire to reduce Soviet influence in the Arab world. Even worse, our alleged need not to pressure our strongest anti-Soviet bastion, Israel, justified a dangerous immobility that fed both Soviet influence and recurrent wars.

A cold war perspective would doom whatever is left of the human rights drive, by reviving what Carter himself called that "inordinate fear of communism which once led us to embrace any dictator who joined us in our fear." None of this means, of course, that we should be passive in Africa. But the best way to combat Soviet influence is to try to get those governments that have become liabilities, such as Zaire, to reform rather than (to quote Nyerere again) to claim "the right to maintain in power African governments . . . universally recognized to be corrupt or incompetent or a bunch of murderers." We should use available incentives to try for a peaceful and authentic transition to black rule in Rhodesia and Namibia, and to prod South Africa toward radical changes. We should rely on the Organization of African Unity's principle of respect for established borders—a principle that so far has kept the Ethiopians and their allies out of Somalia. We should try to improve relations even with the states under

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temporary Soviet and Cuban influence. (And surely we should not try simultaneously to seek better relations with the Neto government in Angola and to provide subversive assistance to its internal enemies.)

A cold war perspective is also dangerous in domestic political terms. It would nourish and vindicate the paranoia of the new right: those who see in every attempt to come to terms with a complex world proof of a "failure of will," of lack of faith in Western values, of a yielding to the totalitarian temptation, of an identification with the aggressor, of a fear of Cubans, of an instinct for self-defeat. (I refer the reader to a dialogue between Daniel Patrick Moynihan and Henry Kissinger, orchestrated by Ben Wattenberg, published in one more new magazine of the new right, *Public Opinion*, May/June 1978. One can only regret that Kissinger, embittered by the fiasco of his policies in Vietnam and Angola, and ever ready to blame it on the antiwar movement, the Congress, the establishment, Watergate, and *mirabile dictu*, "intellectuals [who] became power mad," etc., has joined his lot with people who, during his years in power, had denounced him as blind to Soviet imperialism and conspiring to make the world safe for Communism.) The new right, in its nostalgia for the early days of the cold war, looks with equanimity at the arms race that would result from a failure of SALT. These people still believe that all it takes to cope with the multitude of threats and challenges we face is A Stand (even though Moynihan himself laments that "the trouble is, the last President who did that was Lyndon Johnson, and that's the misery of it all"). The new right still analyzes every problem in terms of the Soviet-American conflict, neglects or minimizes the conditions on our side that explain our troubles (for instance the weaknesses of the Christian Democrats in Italy) and refuses to see the opportunities that do exist for American diplomacy. These opportunities exist in areas where the official rhetoric is hostile yet actual behavior often is quite cooperative (as in Algeria), and in nations where there may be a strong Communist party but—whatever its ultimate goals or present reasons—it helps keep an important ally politically democratic and socially afloat (as in Italy). The Carter administration never can win a contest of cold war rhetoric. A Jackson, a Nitze, a Luttwak, a Wattenberg always will be a more convincing anti-Communist than Carter or members of his crew—even Brzezinski, who has spent years putting a "progressive" coat of paint on his old instincts. If the administration borrows too many leaves from the book of the new right, it will only find itself increasingly summoned to prove, by new flings of rhetoric or new "stands" (or purges of its own anti-Vietnam elements), that it is not part of "the defeatist consensus."

There are three imperatives for US policy. One is to tame the cold war instinct and language. Hints of linkages to SALT don't help. The Soviets must know by now that if they push too hard in Africa, the Senate will never ratify SALT or remove the Jackson-Vanik restrictions on trade and credit. The more we say so publicly, the more the new right will see it as an invitation to obstruction. Calls to common Western action don't help when we know that the West is divided (just as our policy-makers are) or when certain forms of common action (such as a pan-African police force composed of some Africans only and set up by us and by former colonial powers) could only do more harm than good.

A second imperative is to stop asserting that the Soviet-American problem has become secondary or believing that the "global issues" can be treated without reference to it. Soviet-American relations affect our interest in matters as diverse as raw materials, oil policies, arms sales and human rights. But they should not be the only criteria. In other words, what is needed is what we haven't always had the impression of in the past 17 months: an integrated foreign policy.

Third, we should remember that in our relations with the Soviets, cooperation and confrontation are not the only alternatives. There is a third alternative: competition—for influence, prestige, power. It is likely to remain our lot. It can become confrontation if we pursue it too belligerently—for instance by encouraging the Chinese at a moment when they seem eager to build a worldwide anti-Soviet Holy Alliance with partners as diverse and dubious as the Argentina junta, Mobutu and Europe's right-wing politicians. But if we manage the inevitable competition intelligently, by paying attention to local issues, by showing our willingness to meet the legitimate demands of other nations for greater economic security and racial justice, by pursuing our own values without *hubris*, we might end up with a broader range of cooperation than seems possible at present.

For 30 years, we put our rivalry with the Soviets at the core of our diplomacy. Kissinger's detente made the Washington-Moscow line the axis of world affairs as much as the previous policy of containment did. Carter and his advisers were right to say that this could no longer be the case. But they were wrong to treat the rivalry itself by acting as if it didn't raise any issues except arms, and by residual cold war hostility when it did. To juxtapose the rhetoric of detente and that of the cold war in a single speech, as Carter did at Annapolis, is no answer. On this point *Pravda*'s commentary on his speech was right. Without abandoning what was refreshing and correct in its new approach, the Carter administration must eliminate the contradictions. Otherwise, persistent incoherence will make it even more vulnerable to domestic critics who want to scrap the whole attempt and go back to the good old pre-Vietnam policy. They want an opportunity to prove that it collapsed not because its design was faulty but because the evil left, the maligners of America, the blind and the dupes, willfully destroyed it.

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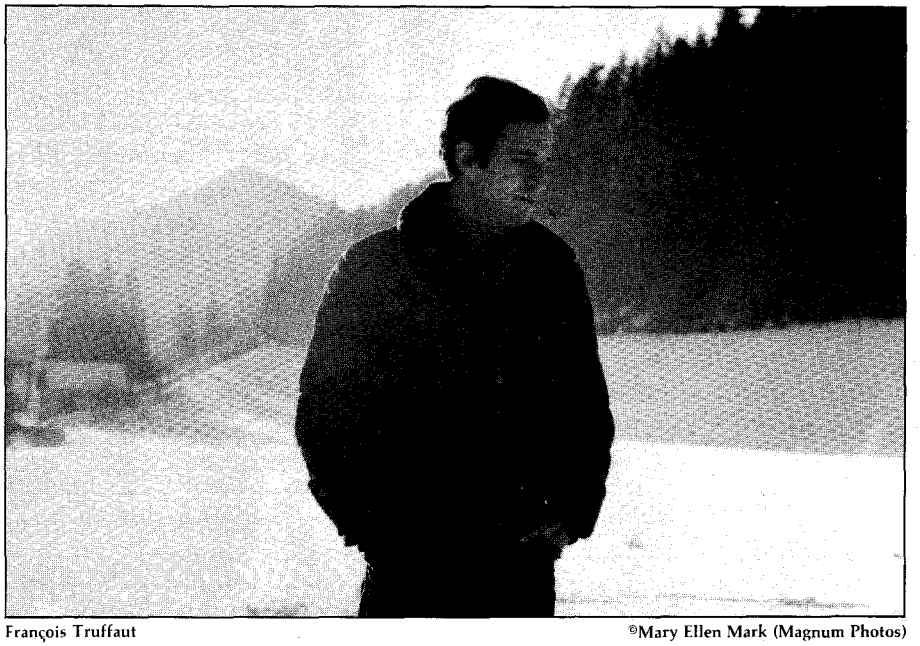
Arts and Lives

Stanley Kauffmann on films

The Films in My Life
by François Truffaut
(Simon & Schuster; $12.50)

In 1954 François Truffaut was 22 and a critic on *Cahiers du Cinéma*. He was asked to review a new film by George Cukor because he liked Cukor's work. "But," he said in his review, "the trouble is that Cukor isn't the kind of director you write about: he's someone to talk about with friends on the street or sitting in a café." No cute epitome will sum up so complex a man as Truffaut: still that line sets the tonality—the café-conversation tonality—of much of his collected criticism.



François Truffaut ©Mary Ellen Mark (Magnum Photos)

Truffaut is a busy representative of a fairly solid European tradition: the film critic who becomes a director. Some other examples are Clair, Antonioni, Godard, Rohmer, and Chabrol. (The only US examples I think of are Peter Bogdanovich and Paul Schrader.) However, very few of them—preeminently Truffaut—have continued to write occasional criticism after they began to make films.

It was a good idea to collect his criticism. The book is a warm and juicy complement to his films and to his appearances in his own films and in one other man's. (Spielberg: *Close Encounters.*) When Leo Braudy reviewed the French edition of this book in the (London) *Times Literary Supplement* (Nov. 21, '75), he noted that Truffaut had omitted his influential polemical writings about the *auteur* theory and the interviews that he had participated in with some famous directors. Still what is here—about one-sixth of Truffaut's critical writings, says Braudy—creates a personal chronicle of a fascinating period in film history: France, from the Occupation through the Liberation and the excitements of the 15 years thereafter. It is also autobiography, overtly and implicitly.

It is also—highly idiosyncratically, sometimes doctrinally, and often charmingly—pertinent criticism. Every piece carries the year of publication, or of writing if previously unpublished, but the pieces are grouped by subject so that we can see him changing—I presume to say growing.

There's no point in catching up his contradictions. If he didn't contradict himself a few times in material written over 20 years, he would be moribund. (Similarly if he didn't repeat himself a few times, he would be a leaf in the wind.) Besides he is often conscious of his changes. In 1958 he says:

> *I know more about* [Fritz] *Lang, what he is and how he thinks, after seeing* While the City Sleeps, *a film he made to order, than I know about René Clément after watching* Gervaise, *in which, although it is a successful and high-quality film, the designer, the writers, and the star are as important as the director.*

That is simon-pure auteurism—simple-simon pure, I'd say—from one of the founders of the school. But in 1975, in the nuggety introduction to this book, he writes that the *auteur* theory "was started by *Cahiers du Cinéma* and is forgotten in France, but still discussed in American periodicals."

In his earliest years he is mad for Robert Aldrich, Samuel Fuller, Frank Tashlin, Nicholas Ray. A decade later he writes a fascinating article about working for three years as assistant to Roberto Rossellini, during which time no film was made but much was learned by the assistant: "His severity, his seriousness, his thoughtfulness freed me from some of the complacent enthusiasm I'd felt for American movies." Truffaut doesn't specify which ones he changed his mind about, but it would have been hard for him to turn around without bumping into some of the

(continued on page 39)

Films Worth Seeing

Cat and Mouse. French mystery, so smooth and sexy that we almost forget about the murders.

Go Tell the Spartans. The first US fiction film to treat the Vietnam war with at least some truth. 1964. Eleven years to go.

Heaven Can Wait. Warren Beatty turns to and on charm in this agreeable remake of *Here Comes Mr. Jordan.* If it had to be done, they did it OK.

Slave of Love. 1917, southern Russia. A movie studio shoots a silly romance as the Revolution approaches. Contrived but colorful.

SK

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Immediacies and Distances

These 10 poems, recent contributions to *The New Republic*, have to do, in one way or another, with relating near and far, present and absent—measuring intervals in time or space or feeling or ontological status. The voices make their observations and muse alone or sometimes in direct address; most of them are quiet voices, but they are all seriously alive, and what they say or intimate in their varying moods may repay slow reading. The war mentioned in the first poem, for example, is not merely the most recent one; it is that generic war to which the condition of peace evoked in the poem stands in aching contrast. The third poem is charged with strange analogies—a sleeper and an African country, then a charcoal burner's mound—making a rich and nervous night piece. The mockingbird in "Rehearsal" is an American (poet's) voice, and so are the other voices heard on these pages; poignantly American, in the concluding poem, are the scuffing ghosts of the disinherited.—**R.F.**

Hearing of the End of the War

1.

Clouds dissolve into blueness.
The Rockies distance like clouds,
white ridge over blue,
in the shimmery blue heat.

The moon floats there still
like some round marble relic from antiquity,
its classic face rubbed away by time.

A stranger arrives, all the way from Denver.
We feed him.
He tells us that the war is over.

For years I have stopped to wonder
what it would feel like now.
And now I only hear the slight noise
the moment makes,
like ice cracking,
as it flows behind me into the past.

2.

I go to the well
and draw up a bottle of home-made beer.
The coldness from thirty feet down
beads up wet on the brown bottle.

Breathing dusty pine fragrance,
I pop open the beer, and drink
till my skull aches from the coldness.

Rubbed white dust is on plum skins
as they ripen,
and green wild blueberries
that grow from the rocks.

Wind blows in off the peaks,
high in the dust-flecked sun-shafts
that light up the dark trees.
Rustlings and murmured syllables from other days
pass through and linger
and leave their ponies
to roam among the trees and graze the acorns
off the forest floor.

Treetop breezes, and voices
returning home a hundred years ago
from a fight somebody lost in these mountains

A horse cries out,
loose in the woods,
running and free.
His iron shoes strike against the loose stones.

And then each sound drops away
—like a dream you can't even remember—

deep behind the leaves of the forest.

3.

From bark-covered rafters
white sheets hang squarely down,
dividing the still afternoon into rooms
where we sleep, or read,
or play a slow game of Hearts.

Everyone is unbuttoned and at their ease.

The baby's clear syllables
rise into space:
milky like the half-moons
on his tiny fingernails,
finer than fine paper.

A new life breathes in the world—
fragile, radiant,
unused to the ways of men.

From halfway down the valley
bamboo flute notes rise float
flutter
and shatter
against the Great Divide.

Richard Tillinghast

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Painting the Table

It's not the shade I would have chosen—
nor, I suspect, you either. Were you disappointed
when it came out darker than the sample?
But it's what you'd bought, and you put it on—
or almost a whole first coat of it.
From the window, I watched you at the end of the lawn
on your camp stool, hunched in your painting shirt for days,
sanding rust from the legs, stirring the smooth green smoother,
angling the brush, tracing meticulous edges—
I never saw you lift the rag—
half an hour at a time maybe, then you'd trudge back
to lie down till you were up to another session.

You took the same stool to burn the papers,
stopping three times from the house to the incinerator.
Who else ever sat on a stool to pick raspberries?
With so many projects, some were bound to outlast you.

Twelve months later, the raspberries loaded again,
here at the end of the lawn, using your brushes,
wearing your shirt, I'm finishing what you began.

We never much liked this table anyway.

It was here when we bought the house—it must have been made here,
right here on the terrace. We've never been able to move it.
A cement slab, round, two inches thick,
held in an iron hoop on iron legs,
shower-tile fish inset on top, a center hole
for an umbrella. The sun
hasn't hit this terrace as long as we've known it,
deep in the shade of a maple and three Douglas firs.

You would have known to brush off the twigs and needles;
not painting the top, I didn't think of it.
Like filings to a magnet, they drift to my wavering edges.
You would have known how to get paint off concrete—
abstractly you would have known, not having had to do it.
Your brushes were supple and spotless. However interrupted,
you cleaned them every evening. "Take care of your brushes,"
you said. "That's the secret of painting."
I've never managed somehow to take care of my brushes.

Once more I resolve to try. How was it you did it?
You told me more than once, but I don't remember.
I mostly remember your silence, keeping busy here,
working around this millstone with my green fingers.

William H. Matchett

Getting Up to Look at Charcoal

Night again. My hand molds
a living lump remote as Uganda,
unknown country across the mattress.
Ticking of hearts across unspannable distance.
Up at 1:30 to check the charcoal.
Scintillation of stars.
The smoldering mound, night-colored,
no visible interstices, yet breathes.
Planets pass overhead, the dark garden
groans for a harvest. When did this hurry begin?
Daily wind blows it at me,
opaque sky shines "Time, time!"
And in a meteor's streaking,
in the cloudy ooze of smoke into thirsty hours
I peer for auguries of dawn.

Rachel Hadas

To a Friend in Asia

A long eccentric night
of wrecked sleep:
each hour I wake with
a different loneliness
and I remember how
you talked me through a similar
panicked night last year.
Some unnamable obligation
to keep things together
kept you with me
and talking so late, blurred with affection,
we discovered a new hour
no one had ever seen before.
Now, touring in Malaysia or Manila,
you could be anywhere.
My folded aerograms
disappear to places as meaningful
as the jumble of letters in their addresses.
There are those who don't believe
man ever went to the moon:
The British Flat Earth Society
imagines an American Hoax Theory
and argues we've been deceived
with elaborate models and T.V. films.
Others say we shattered
some precious dome
bringing rains and permanent disaster.
"Trepidation Of The Spheres."
What was Donne's compass metaphor?
He went wandering
and she remained fixed.
Well, it is and isn't the same.
With the business of spirits—
no matter where you travel
I'd still hear
your high sympathetic laugh
eager to soothe or entertain;
a thin gold foil,
all that it touches
turning rich and remarkable.
But this should be a simple love letter,
and it is not.

Judith Baumel

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About My Father

In each family museum
fathers wait to be called upon.
Mine in double breasted buttoned blue
grace times height, heroic.
What questions, tests, defaults, did you
defy through sliding doors, through keys
and bolts? A ghost, you starred
in your own dreams, played pocket chess
against yourself, humped in chairs.

Now that you are long since dead,
I compose what you have never said.
A fabulist, you shook the humbug tree
of make believe, wound up
life's toys for me.

You were vain, caught in mirrors bowing approval
at that high roman nose, those well set eyes.
Women adored you, flimflam and all.
Girl children worshipped,
you wore a wishing cap, times tall.

You broke all hearts.
Did your own beneath the well pressed suits
know the ravelling stitch of failure?
Did you, in order to survive,
commute to fantasy and back?
Did you outdance, outsham their taunts. . .
make me a world, where I would always be,
protected by the luck you promised me?

Katie Louchheim

Rehearsal

Hardly dawn. . .yet just beyond
My window this mockingbird
Starts his day, he
Works at phoebe, peewee, jay,
Extending his repertoire.

I imagine
He's at it early, with few awake
To criticize, since part of his act
Seems wobbly, being new.

For a change,
As a self-conscious kid at an upright will shift
From next week's killing piece to the speed
Of conquered, steady scales, he'll do
Some down-pat flawless calls, impressions
Of mourning dove? American eagle?
—Things he's been using for years . . . then back
To a stab at basso crow, feeling
His way, rehearsing, true professional. . .

Those he imitates may rise
Late—they wake
To a simpler calling,
Filling the air with their constant, unchanging,
Owned and original cries.

Barry Spacks

Grandfather

I

No hour before the
Mosquito hour. No
One to mow down
The tall grasses of
The past. No shady
Place from the past's
Glare: No one to make
The future fair.

You enter the past,
But, unlike Theseus,
Have no unwound ball of
String to lead you out.

Photos:

(1)

You face the house
Of your son—head
Barely bobbing. You
Use the nurse's arms
As railings. A large
Hand holds a glass of
Milk to your lips.

(2)

A plaid blanket covers
Your legs. Everything
Is cool: the cool red
Leather of the seats;
The blue strip of windshield
Tinted against the glare.
You are lost in space
No seatbelt can hold you in.

II

You wake to different
Decades: Your wife stares
At you; three tiny sons
Suck the knots of their
Talises—the ark opens. You
Fall through the past to the
Death-bed of your father whose
Eyes you close. And you continue
To fall on to a freshly tarred
Road—the only thing you feel
Is the oily smell. You rest
For a while, held by the smell.

III

I am falling too: dawn
At Spofford Lake: Grandfather
Casts into the clear
Silence and draws in the line—
Click, click click click
And this is silence too—
Click click click click
Silence is regular motion.

The rod bends, the water
Churns—a fish pounds the
Water—like a baton—
White motion.

I fetch the lure
Out of the bass's mouth
Hoeing a bloody passage.
Grandfather casts away,
The two of us casting
Against the world
Reeling in the sun.

"It's me," I say, "It's me."
I rub my face against
Your face and hold
Your elbows.—
The nurse blows out the candles.

IV

I am pallbearer today
For this cold body.
The squares of grass
Are removed from the
Pit and we slide the
Coffin off the sling.
My father sprays a
Shovelful of earth.
Tentative faces approach
And take their turns. I look
At my feet and cry.

Above the hill
Colorful kites
Fidget in a
Dying wind and
Break on picturesque
Tree-tops. Crying
Children run empty—
Handed, shaking their fists
At the mean trees—
Sometime later
Workers fit the monument.

Joshua Goldstein

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Admiral Radford Crosses the Continental Divide

Admiral Radford crosses the Continental Divide
Asleep at thirty two thousand feet.
He dreams of blue water, of his ships
moving above the mountains of the Pacific
He thinks of co-ordinates
of trajectories, of parabolas.
Of the slant eyed mariners,
Set against his straight and hooded look.
Their ships built
With plans stolen from the Germans
The steel of their hulls
from the planned waste of America.
He will strike at dawn
Guns at the ready.

The plane lands, His wife
Stirs him awake.
No smart salutes, no piping through salt spray
No descent of uncertain iron stairs.
The accordian tube of the airport
Reaches for him.
He is helped into his wheel chair
His wife pushes him out of his dreams.

Eugene McCarthy

Solstice

(for my husband)

your hand is the only star
I can recognize I locate myself
in your sense of each season
fitting my feet into muddy tracks
I am the longing settled into your bones
a curve constantly on your mind
climbing and falling

we are a brother and sister of sorts
a pair of exiles travelling
on a train a black umbilical
pulling out of season after season
leaving the stations
of childhood behind

we live in summer now
a house of familiar windows
whenever I think of waves I think
of your shoulders
lifting me back to shore
if I dream of another face it has
your body if I dream of another
body it has your face
watching the sand wrinkle
under the tide I remember

we have a solstice too
a deadline like summer to meet
I'll feel your days getting small
as the mouth of a cave
and I'll sleep in that cradle of veins
that place where I can wait
out of the cold
while you draw me like an animal
into your side of stone

Gina White

Missoula in a Dusty Light*

Walking home through the tall
Montana twilight,
leaves were moving in the gutters
and a little dust . . .

I saw beyond the roofs and chimneys
a cloud like a hill of smoke,
amber and a dirty grey. And a wind
began from the street corners
and rutted alleys,
out of year-end gardens, weed lots
and trash bins;
the yellow air
came full of specks and ash,
noiseless, crippled things that crashed
and flew again. . .
grit and the smell of rain.

Far up the leaf-blown street
a signal clanging,
as a train with a bell
and one withering deadlight went by,
grinding the rails
in a torn billow of steam.

And then a steady sound,
as if an army or a council
long-skirted, sweeping the stone,
were gathering near;
disinherited and vengeful people,
scuffing their bootheels,
rolling tin cans before them.

And quieter still behind them
the voices of birds
and whispering brooms:
"This land
has bitter roots, and seeds
that crack and spill in the wind. . ."

I halted under a blowing light
to listen, to see;
and it was the bleak Montana wind
sweeping the leaves and dust
along the street.

John Haines

*From *In a Dusty Light*, Graywolf Press, 1977.

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Books Considered

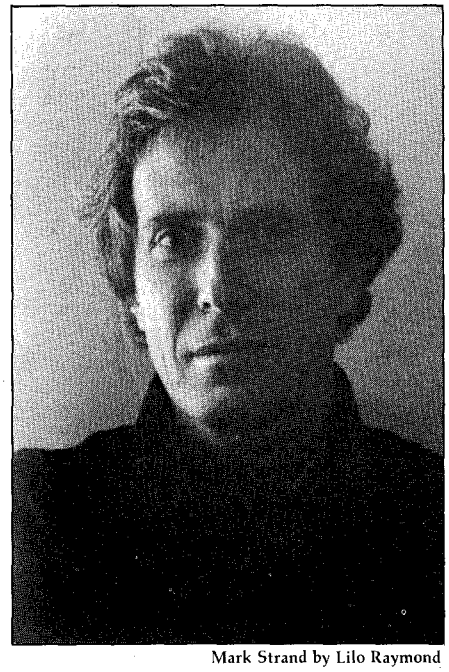
The Monument
by Mark Strand
(Ecco Press; $7.95)

The Late Hour: Poems
by Mark Strand
(Atheneum; $6.95)

Five previous books have established that Mark Strand is a superb lyric poet, particularly in *Darker* (1970). He gives us now two new books, of which *The Monument* is a meditation in a subtly imaginative prose, and *The Late Hour* a gathering of 25 lyrics written during the last five years.

Strand is one of those poets, like Geoffrey Hill, who seem to write only a few poems a year. The rigor of his art achieves a gently witty manifesto in *The Monument*, which is a meditation in the tradition of Unamuno, a baroque reverie upon the idea that Vico called poetic divination, the poet's quest for immortality. Gently parodying the American model of such divination, *Song of Myself*, Strand's *The Monument* weaves together prose and some verse in 52 sections, almost all of a page or less in length. The prose and verse are mostly by Strand, but the book's genius is to combine uncannily Strand and his precursors, by blending in quotations from Unamuno, Stevens, Sir Thomas Browne, Whitman, Nietzsche, Wordsworth and many others. The quotations are so placed as to become neither allusions nor texts-for-commentary, but rather to work as what Walter Benjamin wanted his quotations to be: sudden illuminations or *auras*, moments of cultural shock flaring forth at precisely the point of their disappearance.

The Monument, in a spirit mixing gaiety and dread, is addressed by Strand across the centuries to a future translator. This translator is something like Lacan's Other that commands us: he knows Strand as Strand cannot know himself. What Strand does know is what greatly moves his admirers, like myself, and what seems to repel some less elitist readers of contemporary poetry. Strand knows implicitly, as a poet, what Freud taught us to know explicitly, which is that narcissism is at once the self's love for the ego, the self's investment in the ego, and the self's way of constituting an ego. This is hard knowledge to bear, and some readers of poetry cannot bear it, and prefer to idealize poetry either as a shamanistic seizure or somehow as a modest overcoming of narcissism. *The Monument*, with astonishing good humor, teaches us to bear the truths of Unamuno, Nietzsche, Whitman and the other seers of poetic narcissism. The center of Strand's wisdom comes in an aphorism of Unamuno's: ". . . the secret of human life . . . is the desire to be someone else without ceasing to be myself. . . ." It may not be the secret of human life but it does seem to be the secret of strong poetry.



Mark Strand by Lilo Raymond

The most charming moment of *The Monument* comes in section 30, where Strand cunningly pays tribute to his closest precursor, Elizabeth Bishop, and to her sublime poem entitled (alas!) "The Monument":

> *. . . Another voice, another monument becoming one; another tomb, another marker made from elements least visible; another voice that says* Watch it closely. *And I do, and there is someone inside. It is the Bishop, who after all was not intended to be seen. It is the Bishop calling and calling."*

Her call—*Watch it closely*—is the implicit motto of *The Late Hour*, where "it" is "the coming of love, the coming of light." Strand is incurably elegiac, yet some of the most beautiful of the new poems are celebratory: the poignant "Lines for Winter," the explicitly Emersonian chant called "White," and the two extraordinary "Night Pieces" that end the book. But the Strand who triumphed in the volume *Darker* is still movingly present. He is in the exuberant grace of the title poem, "The Late Hour," which earns its position in the rich tradition of Whitman's "The Sleepers," Stevens's "The Owl in the Sarcophagus" and Bishop's "The Unbeliever," American poems that blend nightmare and final imaginative visions. Strand too is a poet of "the wounds of night that heal without sound." Like his precursors, he stations himself just before sunrise, in order to hear "again the luminous wind of morning that comes before the sun." Stevens said of this moment that it brought a "difficult rightness" and Strand, like John Ashbery, is adept at just such a rightness. Strand seeks "the mirror/ in which pain is asleep," but his splendor is that he keeps returning to the fatal mirror of Narcissus, while knowing it to be nothing else but a poetics of pain.

The Monument echoes D.H. Lawrence when it sees that the poetics of America must be also a poetics of death:

> *To be the first of the posthumous poets is to be the oldest. This will make children of the poets of Europe, the dead poets of Europe. There must be something America is first in. Death and post-death meditations! Glory be! A crown on our heads at last! But what is America to you or you to America?*

It is inevitable that, with such knowledge, Strand should end *The Monument* by juxtaposing Nietzsche's Zarathustra—". . . Oh, how do I bear to go on living! And how could I bear to die now!" with Whitman's transcendent "O

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living always, always dying!" To be at once a skeptic and a vitalist, belated and ever-early, is an enormous burden for a lyric poet to assume. *The Monument* analyzes the burden, with humane tact and literary ingenuity. The volume of lyrics, *The Late Hour*, partly transcends the burden, even as it knowingly exemplifies it. Strand has added two short volumes to make a trilogy with his masterpiece, *Darker*, and the trilogy will locate itself within the canon of American literature, the canon of what we cannot evade.

Harold Bloom

Harold Bloom's most recent critical study is *Wallace Stevens: The Poems of Our Climate* (Cornell Univ. Press).

The Poems of George Meredith edited by Phyllis Bartlett

(Yale University Press; 2 vols., $80)

"He was of those whose wit can shake/And riddle to the very core/The counterfeits that Time will break. . . ." When George Meredith died in 1909, these lines of Thomas Hardy honored the departed writer as a satirist of circumstance, like the living one who thus praised him. They certainly appear to apply at first to Meredith the novelist, and to his theory and practice of social, institutional and erotic comedy. But the author of such splendid ironic interweavings as *Beauchamp's Career*, *The Egoist* and *The Ordeal of Richard Feverel*—knotty as their prose and their sensibility have seemed to the modernist temperament which has often preferred the moral macramé of farce—began writing as a poet, and continued to do so throughout his life. But unlike Hardy, whose poetic career took over after the end of his novelistic one, Meredith's books of poems were intermittent, and between 1862, when the volume containing the magnificent ironic sonnet sequence *Modern Love* appeared, and the *Poems and Lyrics of the Joy of Earth* of 1883, there were no published volumes of verse. Meredith cared more, by the mid 1880s, to be praised for his poems than his prose. Rossetti and Swinburne, with whom Meredith at his best can be on a par, both admired his poems and seem, as most reviewers never did, to have grasped their power.

Meredith is even more problematic—although perhaps indeed better—as a poet than a novelist. He is known for the *Modern Love* cycle, the wonderful and heavily anthologized "Lucifer in Starlight" sonnet, the beautiful Theocritean "Love in the Valley"; "The Woods of Westermain" is a great poem, but it has for the past 50 years been read primarily by graduate students studying Victorian literature who have had their attention called to the post-Darwinian *tristesse* of the clearing in the forest where "old-eyed oxen chew/Speculation with the cud" and where the wanderer through the mythology of forests is urged to "Read their pool of vision through,/Back to hours when mind was mud." G. M. Trevelyan, in a not unpopular little book first published in 1906, was more appreciative than many critics, but he muddled Meredith's poetry with what he took to be his philosophy. Modernist taste was perhaps prefigured in Wilde's remark (regarding the novels he admired so, but this applied to some of the verse as well) about a style "quite sufficient of itself to keep life at a distance"; but Wilde continued, "By its means he has planted round his garden a hedge full of thorns, and red with wonderful roses."

A reassessment of Meredith's poetry is long overdue, and such fresh looks have frequently to be occasioned by new texts. There has been no edition of Meredith's poems of which I am aware since 1912, and the publication by Yale University Press of an exhaustive two-volume edition of his poetical works comes at a somewhat ironically appropriate time. The current revision, in literary history and criticism, of the relation between English and American romanticism puts the problematic aspects of his poems—which his contemporaries had pretty much divided up between infelicities of style and awkwardness of thought—into a new light. It is not just that we can hear today the Wallace Stevens of "Le Monocle de Mon Oncle" in such lines as "So sweet up violet banks the Southern balm/Breathes round, we care not if the bell be late:/Though here and there grey seniors question Time/In irritable coughings . . . " or "Bands of her limpid primitives/Or patterned in the curious braid" (not to speak of the explicit echo of the title of Meredith's "Ballad of Past Meridian" in the later poem of middle-aged love). It is not just that Robert Frost probably read Meredith as heavily as he did Rossetti, as we hear in the anticipations of "The Most of It" and "Never Again Would Birds' Song be the Same" in "but his lyric had a tone/As't were a forest-echo of her voice." In a Frost reading of Meredith's own line "The Whither whose echo is Whence," we are in a better position today to see the antecedents of his major poetic strain, as well as to isolate that strain from some of the more confused rumblings and chirpings of the literature in verse—occasional poems, ballads, mythological idylls and narratives which, even more than his maddening syntax on occasion, put off the modern reader.

That strain is the voice of the poet "in deep woods/Between the two twilights" (but, we might add, heavily mindful of both of them). In his 1851 *Poems*, two early instances of Meredith's continuing reworking of the romantic image of the Aeolian harp of nature itself—the wind in the trees singing not merely its own white noise, but the song of a figurative wind-harp—mark out the two directions in which his poetic oeuvre would develop. "Twilight Music" is a piece of minor Tennysoniana; "South-West Wind in the Woodland," in unrhymed tetrameters, anticipates the milieu of most of his finest poetry, a sophisticatedly—and delicately—allegorical sylvan realm in which vision can attend the wedding of nature and consciousness. Much of his finest poetry is by way of being epithalamion to that marriage, even as "Modern Love" sang the soured aubade for its imperfect human simulacrum ("But not till Nature's laws and man's are one,/Can marriage of the man and the woman be," he remarked elsewhere). The source of his wood-notes, I believe we will come to see, is not so much in Tennyson and Browning, whom he elsewhere imitates, and rarely builds upon (the end of the sonnet on old age is an exception: "Yea, to spread light when thy proud letter I/Drops prone and void as any thoughtless dash" is splendid super-Browning).

It is Emerson. From specific echoes—

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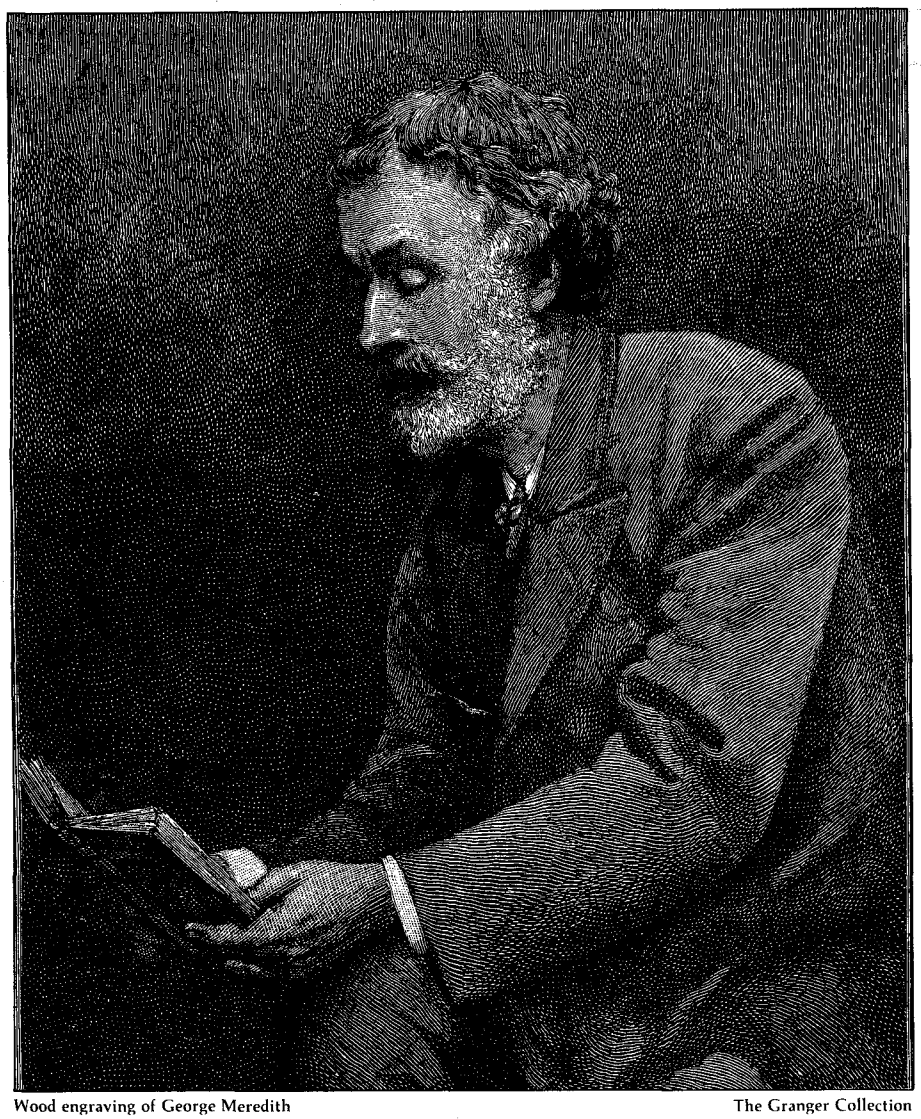


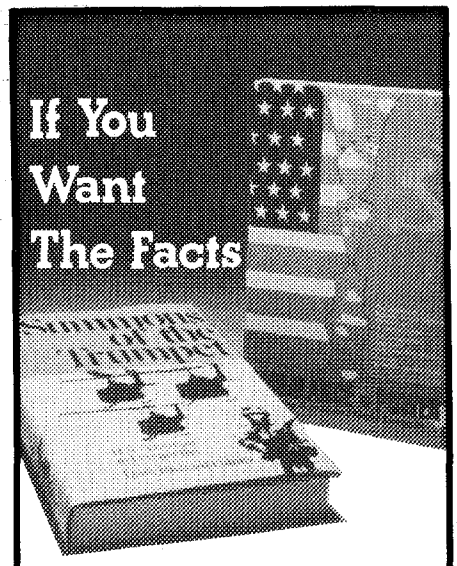
Wood engraving of George Meredith — The Granger Collection

such as the "We are the lords of life, and life is warm" of "Modern Love" XXX, which becomes even more deeply ironic when read against its source in the verse epigraph to Emerson's "Experience"—to larger tonal influences, indeed, to the very way in which Meredith slips in and out of various ways of mythologizing nature is more like a governing tradition in American poetry than has, I think, ever been noticed. As a poet, he seems to feel most imaginatively healthy in a symbol of forests, as it were:

> *never in woods*
> *Runs white insanity fleeing itself: all sane*
> *The woods revolve: as the tree its*
> *shadowing limns*
> *To some resemblance in motion, the*
> *rooted life*
> *Restrains disorder . . .*

"The Woods of Westermain" and the lesser "Forest History" map out the field of imagery for this body of nature-poetry, which is filled out by such poems as "The Lark Ascending," "Tardy Spring," "Night of Frost in May," "Winter Heavens," "Dirge in Woods," "Hard Weather," "The Thrush in February," "Woodman and Echo," "Seed Time," the wonderful "Meditation under Stars" and the strangely Emersonian "Hymn to Colour," "Woodland Peace," among others. In characterizing Dante Gabriel Rossetti's poetry in "A Later Alexandrian," Meredith beautifully drew the boundaries of a region, full of shadows of Tennyson, which he would himself avoid: "The moon of cloud discoloured was his Muse,/His pipe the reed of the old moaning waste." Meredith's strongest poetic activity would remain in what the title of his strongest single book was to call "a reading of earth."

The Yale edition of Meredith's poetry is exhaustive, as I have said, primarily bibliographically. The late Phyllis Bartlett, who died five years ago when the first galleys were being delivered, was primarily interested in gathering all of the collected, uncollected and unpublished poetry with as much information as possible about their occasions. One cannot tell what her critical concerns would have been; although the



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edition includes critical as well as textual notes (the latter more elaborate and apparently more complete), they are primarily historical glosses and indications of allusion, very rarely wrong (e.g. "hallali" in "Forest History" is not Meredith's own neologism—he has, indeed, many—but perfectly good misspelled German for the hunter's halloo at the death), often biographically useful. Among the lesser poems there are some minor treasures—the Hardy-like "Martin's Puzzle," the strange "Jump-to-Glory Jane" which would read rather better as a Robert Frost blank-verse monologue, an amusing light-verse treatment of Ludwig of Bavaria which Kingsley Amis might well have included in his *New Oxford Book of Light Verse*, a lot of very good translations from the German romantic lyric, the ironically feminist "Ballad of Fair Ladies in Revolt" and, among the unpublished notebook material, an occasional gem like this untitled quatrain: "I seize in a central knot,/I grasp in a spark of fire,/The circle of a thought,/The round of a desire."

This is primarily an edition for scholars and libraries, and I hope that a good selection from it might be made available soon. Meredith, Rossetti and Swinburne are really wonderful poets, whose imaginative power and moral force, as well as—particularly with the first two—influence on 20th-century American poetry are only now beginning to be appreciated, perhaps as they could never really be by their contemporaries. Equivalent editions of the last two are long overdue, and a good paperback selection of each is most definitely in order.

John Hollander

John Hollander authored *Spectral Emanations: New and Selected Poems* (Atheneum).

Silences
by Tillie Olsen

(Delacorte Press/Seymour Lawrence; $10.95)

The highest art appears to contain an entire world in miniature: entering it, one experiences the illusion of entering into the very center of the human cosmos, penetrating immediately the depths of the human imagination. If the most perfect forms of art have the quality of being "static"—in Joyce's sense of the term—it is because they are beyond and above time. Of course they exclude a great deal, and yet they give the impression of excluding nothing. They are complete; they point to nothing outside themselves; one grasps them as esthetic wholes, moved by their authority.

There is no more powerfully moving a piece of fiction in recent years than Tillie Olsen's long story "Tell Me a Riddle," which was first published in *New World Writing* in 1960, and reprinted as the title story in Tillie Olsen's first book, in 1969. Forty-seven years of marriage, hard work and impoverishment and the dizzying passage of time, an old woman's death by cancer, a frightened old man's realization of love: bitter, relentless, supremely beautiful in its nuances, its voices and small perfect details: and certainly unforgettable. All of the stories of *Tell Me a Riddle* are superb but the title story is the one that remains most vividly in the mind. It will withstand repeated readings—and the sort of close, scrupulous attention ordinarily reserved for poetry.

Tillie Olsen tells us in her new book, *Silences*, that her fiction came very close to never having been written. The mother of four children, she was forced for many years to work at low-paying jobs in addition to her ceaseless labor as a wife and mother "without the help of the technological sublime." Since women are traditionally trained to meet others' needs before their own, and even to feel (in Olsen's words) these needs as their own, she was not able to write for 20 years, and did not publish her first book until she was 50. During this time she was haunted by the work that demanded to be written, which "seethed, bubbled, clamored, peopled me."

Some stories died. Deprived of the time and energy to imagine them into being—for writing requires not simply passion and self-confidence but periods of solitude that will allow for the slow maturing of work—Tillie Olsen lost them forever. The present book, *Silences*, is partly autobiographical, and partly a wide-ranging discussion of the phenomenon of "unnatural" silences in literary history. Its main focus is a feminist concern, and anger, with the enforced silences of women, but it also deals—in an informal, conversation, and frequently scattered way—with the "silences" of such disparate writers as Hopkins, Melville, Rimbaud, Hardy, and Baudelaire. Virginia Woolf is ubiquitous: in fact her voice seems to compete with Tillie Olsen's own. And there is a consideration of the meaning of certain statistics (as gauged by appearances in 20th-century literature courses, required reading lists, anthologies, textbooks, etc., there is only one woman writer for every 12 men) in terms of our patriarchal society.

A miscellany of Olsen's speeches, essays, and notes, written over a period of approximately 15 years, *Silences* is necessarily uneven, and it is certainly not an academic or scholarly study. It was written, as Olsen states in her preface, out of passion: love for her incomparable medium, literature, and hatred for all that, societally rooted, lessens and denies it. Most of its content consists of excerpts and quotations from other writers who have experienced the agony of being, for one reason or another, unable to write; and there is a complete section on the relatively unknown American writer Rebecca Harding Davis, whose "classic" *Life in the Iron Mills* was published in 1861 (and more or less forgotten until its reissue in 1972). Olsen's sympathy with her numerous subjects is evident, though one might wish that she had concentrated more on her own experiences, which would have been of great interest, and less on a recounting of familiar situations (Melville's fate of being "damned by dollars" and his subsequent silence, for instance). Admirers of Tillie Olsen's fiction will be rather disappointed to discover in *Silences* dozens of extremely familiar passages from Virginia Woolf, a lengthy excerpt from *The Life of Thomas Hardy* (ostensibly by Florence Emily Hardy), parts of numerous poems by Emily Dickinson, and scattered quotations by artists as unlike as Van Gogh, Conrad, Katherine Anne Porter, Isaac Babel, Charlotte Brontë, and Henry James . . . and nothing but the most cursory and summary of remarks about Olsen's own life. (Yet the book is

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being advertised as "astonishingly autobiographical.")

The book's strengths lie, however, in its polemical passages. Olsen asks why

Tillie Olsen by András Goldinger

so many more women are silenced than men; she asks why there is only one woman writer "of achievement" for every 12 men writers; why our culture continues to reflect a masculine point of view almost exclusively. She quotes disapprovingly Elizabeth Hardwick's remark (about Sylvia Plath's suicide), "Every artist is either a man or a woman, and the struggle is pretty much the same for both," and Cynthia Ozick's "The term 'woman writer' . . . has no meaning, not intellectually, not morally, not historically. A writer is a writer."

She notes the distressingly low earnings of "established" writers, men and women both, and the current unhealthy publishing situation, in which more and more publishing houses are owned by large conglomerates. She speaks critically of the literary atmosphere that sets writers against one another, breeding an absurd spirit of competition. One of her chapters lists the proportion of women writers to men writers in 20th-century literature courses (six percent women, 94 percent men), in critical studies (seven percent women, 93 percent men), in interviews (10 percent women, 90 percent men), in anthologies and textbooks (nine percent women, 91 percent men), in terms of various prizes and awards (the National Book Awards, for instance, in the years 1950-73, were given to 52 people, only six of them women). The figures are often rounded off, the estimates rough, but the message is certainly clear.

Norman Mailer is quoted and allowed to make a fool of himself once again ("I have a terrible confession to make—I have nothing to say about any of the talented women who write today. . . . I do not seem able to read them."); the English critic A. Alvarez speaks condescendingly toward Sylvia Plath (" . . . No longer a housewifely appendage to a powerful husband, she seemed made solid and complete. Perhaps the birth of a son had something to do with this new confident air."); Auden is quoted in one of his sillier passages ("The poet is the father who begets the poem which the language bears . . . . Poets, like husbands, are good, bad, and indifferent."). Books like *Silences* are enormously strengthening in that they polarize attitudes, freezing people into one camp or another, suggesting unlikely sisterhoods (Virginia Woolf, who wrote so many novels, and that marvelous Diary, and those essays and reviews—and those letters!—a sister to a woman writer who, thwarted by family responsibilities and lack of freedom, has never managed to publish a single word?) and bizarre bedfellows (Hopkins, Rimbaud, Scott Fitzgerald—who "sacrificed" his talent by writing *too much*, in order to live out his sophomoric notion of the Good Life).

One feels the author's passion, and cannot help but sympathize with it. Certainly women have been more generally "silenced" than men, in all the arts. But the book is marred by numerous inconsistencies and questionable statements offered as facts. Why, for instance, are Elizabeth Hardwick and Cynthia Ozick wrong? Their views differ from mainline feminist views but are not, surely, contemptible for that reason. Why are men in general the enemy, but some men—perhaps weaker men—welcomed as fellow victims, and their "unnatural silences" accorded as much dignity as that of women? Does Baudelaire's "silence" as a consequence of syphilitic paralysis have anything at all to do with Tillie Olsen's 20 years of "silence"? I see no connection, yet the book ends with excerpts from *My Heart Laid Bare*, as if they somehow summarized Olsen's position. And why are men who exploit women criticized on the one hand, and Rilke, who kept himself aloof from responsibilities to his family, admired, on the other hand, for being shrewd enough to guard his creative energies against emotional entanglements. . . ? We are told that women are not to be trapped into the role of being *women writers*; yet it turns out to be quixotic, and halfway traitorous, to "proclaim that one's sex has nothing to do with one's writing." Feminist homiletics are always troublesome not only because they are often self-contradictory but because they never seem to apply to anyone of originality or stature.

An angry book must stir anger. Hence there is little or no mention of successful women writers of our time—among them Doris Lessing, Flannery O'Connor, Eudora Welty, Isak Dinesen, Iris

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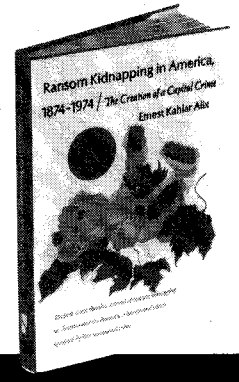

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Murdoch, Elizabeth Bishop, Marianne Moore, Jean Stafford, Lillian Hellman, Mary McCarthy, Muriel Rukeyser, Penelope Mortimer, Joan Didion, Edna O'Brien, Margaret Drabble, Anne Tyler, May Swenson, and innumerable others. Tillie Olsen must have felt justified in subordinating—or silencing—her own considerable artistic instincts during the composition of *Silences*, and I would not quarrel with her decision. It was a generous one: she wanted to reach out to others, to the living and the dead, who have, evidently, shared her own agony. One must respect such an impulse. But the thinking that underlies *Silences* is simply glib and superficial if set in contrast to the imagination that created *Tell Me a Riddle* and *Yonnondio*, Olsen's novel. Unexamined, unverified, and indeed unverifiable statements are offered as facts again and again. For instance, someone at a national conference on creativity in 1959 said, "Creativity was in each one of us as a small child. In children it is universal. Among adults it is nonexistent"—not only a doubtful proposition, but sheer malarkey—and Olsen quotes it with approval.

She never confronts the most troublesome question of all: What has "creativity" as such to do with "art"? Are all silences equally tragic? On what basis can a writer resent his society's indifference to his art, so long as society is free to choose its values? I was reminded of that cruel but witty passage in the chapter "Economy" in *Walden*, in which Thoreau speaks of an Indian who has woven straw baskets no one wants to buy, and who is amazed and resentful at the world's indifference. He had not discovered, Thoreau says, that it was necessary for him to make it worth the other's while to buy them, or at least make him think that it was so. And there is Flannery O'Connor's sardonic response to a question put to her at a reading, about whether universities stifled writers. O'Connor replied: "They don't stifle enough of them." (Which is one of the reasons, I suspect, that O'Connor cannot be taken up by feminist critics with much comfort.)

A final comment on the book's editing, or lack thereof. Since the various chapters were published at different times there are many, many repetitions of key phrases and quotations. And nearly every page is marred by small, inconsequential footnotes that qualify or update statements made in the text. In practically every case these footnotes should have been incorporated into the text or eliminated: their busy, gnat-like presence is injurious to the reading experience, and in most instances their nature undercuts the seriousness of the book. For instance, in the chapter "One Out of Twelve: Writers Who Are Women," Olsen quotes Hortense Calisher with disapproval, and then admits in a footnote that her remarks are unfair, because the copy of Calisher's essay she read had an important (and unnoticed) page missing. "My abashed apologies," Olsen says. Yet surely it would not have been too much trouble to type over a single page and eliminate the negative reference to Calisher. . . ? These are signs of haste, and of an editor's indifference. In a book that sets itself up as a literary manifesto of the women's movement, one which has been eagerly anticipated by a considerable number of readers, offenses such as these are saddening, and inexplicable.

Joyce Carol Oates

Shuckin' and Jivin': Folklore from Contemporary Black Americans by Daryl Cumber Dance

(Indiana University Press; $15)

Ever since Joel Chandler Harris brought the folktales told by American slaves to public view in 1880 practically everyone has believed those tales came from Africa. Nineteenth-century readers assumed that the stories of talking animals told by Uncle Remus reflected the mentality of childlike, superstitious beings, as befit a culturally naked race. In 1941 anthropologist Melville J. Herskovits in *The Myth of the Negro Past* demonstrated the high degree of cultural sophistication that West African kingdoms had attained prior to European conquest. Africanist scholars and black Americans have followed his lead and stressed the African connection as a source of pride, of roots in a high civilization. They reinterpret black folktales as subtle creations mocking and deceiving the white master. Brer Rabbit represents the clever slave who outwits the oppressor figures, played by the large animals. Afro-Americans used their inherited stock of folktales not for mindless entertainment, but as a weapon of satire and ridicule.

No one from Harris to Herskovits and his students ever questioned African origins, but only the nature of those origins, until 1967, when I published a collection from my own fieldwork, *American Negro Folktales*. In an introductory essay I asserted that not more than one tenth of the thousand Afro-American tales I had collected in mainland United States would be traced to Africa. The Africanists vigorously counter-attacked, most recently in *African Folklore in the New World* (1977), but permitted me a rejoinder in that volume, in which I reaffirmed my position that the great majority of the tales currently told by black Americans originated in Europe and Great Britain, and from their own experiences under slavery and quasi-freedom. The documentation for this assertion lay in the headnotes to my tales tracing their origins.

Now additional and irrefutable, if unwitting, evidence for the non-African character of the folktales told today by Afro-Americans comes forth in *Shuckin' and Jivin'*, a collection of more than 550 assorted narratives recorded by Daryl Dance, who teaches English at Virginia Commonwealth University in Richmond. Dr. Dance avoids the question of origins, and addresses herself to the function of these tales in contemporary society. She sees these jokes and anecdotes as expressing black attitudes of defiance and bitterness toward whites, under the cloak of humor. In some of her chapter groupings, such as "Tales about the Cruelty of Whites" and "Outsmarting Whitey" she can advance her thesis easily enough. "The tales have allowed the Black slave, the Black freedman, and the contemporary Black militant to act out their hostility without endangering their physical well-being." But other sections, such as "The White Woman and the Black Man" and "A Nigger Ain't Shit: Self-Degrading Tales," prove troublesome. Dance seeks explanation for the black man's admitted preference for white women through the sym-

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bolism of racial conquest, and quotes what a prison inmate told Eldridge Cleaver: when a black man embraces a black woman he embraces slavery, when he hugs a white woman he hugs freedom. But what about the tales the black man tells about himself in which he plays the roles of dunce, idiot, dumb nigger? For example:

> *Riding through the white areas of Georgia, a Black man slipped unnoticed on the bus. He sat beside a white woman, unnoticed also. She finally turned around, and said, "Nigger!"*
>
> *And he shouted, "Where? Where? Where?"*

This jest could be read as a putdown of the white woman, as well as a self-degrading tale, and Dance admits her puzzlement over how to interpret such stories. She reports that a 1959 study found anti-black jokes more common among black college students than among the white students, although she feels that self-abasing jokes are declining in popularity with the rise in black self-confidence and the rejection of white values. I see rather an opposite correlation: the more confident a minority culture (say Jews or Poles), the more they enjoy mock anti-Semitic or Polack jokes.

Shuckin' and Jivin' deserves a place alongside the classic collection of Negro tales, *Mules and Men*, by another black woman, Zora Neale Hurston, and far supersedes that work of 1935 in its professional expertise. Hurston had shown that the Negro repertoire included much more than animal tales, for example the cycle of Old Marster and John the slave battling wits against each other, and a spate of lying tales. Dance now displays the unexpurgated modern repertoire of black Americans, which has almost totally replaced the Brer Rabbit stories of Joel Chandler Harris. Here are dirty jokes and ethnic jokes shared with the white culture, toasts (long verse narratives) about Bad Niggers, true experiences of insults and injuries, sallies about preachers, and a surprisingly small portion of ghost and conjure tales.

Common sense should tell us that the longer a minority culture resides in an alien land the farther it will grow from its original baseline and the more it will develop its own traditions within the frame of the majority culture. Even such aggressively conservative groups as the Hasidim and the Amish have perforce allowed Americanisms to enter their lengthening heritage. *Shuckin' and Jivin'* reflects black situations and experiences in the United States that have nothing to do with any African precedent. One can pick out such tales almost at random. Here are some sample beginnings: "One time there was a white man, a Chinese, and a Black man.""This concerns a Black student aviator, who wanted to be a pilot." "It used to be against the law to sing 'Shortenin' Bread.'" "This Preacher with his B.D. from Morehouse preached this magnificent sermon about how he had been trained at *Morehouse* and how he could *exegesis* texts and how he could read in Hebrew and Latin, thanks to *Morehouse*; and he was going to send so much money to *Morehouse*, to develop all those preachers to go out and save the world—the Africans, the heathens—all over!" These are not tales adapted to but rooted in the American scene. Dance properly includes a number of allegedly true stories, which form a legitimate part of the storytelling repertoire of black and white Americans. "They tell a story on my great grandfather, who lived to be one hundred and nine years old." Sex, not race, governs the largest sector of Afro-American tales, which deals with cuckolds and lovers, and is indistinguishable from the white repertoire.

To this kind of evidence for the non-African character of Afro-American story telling, the defenders of the African origins thesis responded that true tales, dirty jokes, and obscene toasts fall outside the boundaries of the folktale. Here is a cultural lag in folklore scholarship. Folktales are the stories people tell, and *Shuckin' and Jivin'* presents a splendid representative sheaf of the stories black Americans of all social classes tell today. Not one example of the dilemma tale, so popular in African folklore, appears in the book.

Professional folklorists will applaud Dance's candor and scholarly rigor. She provides faithful transcripts of her tale texts, comparative notes to the tales indicating variants already known, information about the tellers, and sensible chapter groupings and introductory comments to each chapter suggesting their common themes. *Shuckin' and Jivin'* gives the fullest and most honest record, often raw and nasty, of the stories black people relate in the United States of the 1970s.

Richard M. Dorson

Richard M. Dorson is Distinguished Professor of History and Folklore at Indiana University.

William Faulkner: Toward Yoknapatawpha and Beyond by Cleanth Brooks

(Yale University Press; $17.50)

This book is a sequel to *William Faulkner: The Yoknapatawpha Country*, published 15 years ago. In that impressive work, Cleanth Brooks had studied Faulkner's background, social and historical, and had analyzed each of the 14 books that deal with his not-so-apocryphal county, these including all of Faulkner's major novels. In this later volume, he gathers up loose ends. *Toward Yoknapatawpha and Beyond* deals with the early poetry and prose; then with the two apprentice novels, *Soldier's Pay* and *Mosquitoes*; then with two novels of the 1930s, *Pylon* and *The Wild Palms*, not to be underestimated, but not on a level with his best work; and finally with that ambitious failure, *A Fable*. There is a concluding chapter, "Faulkner on Time and History," and there are three long appendices, or afterthoughts, two of them dealing with *Absalom, Absalom!*, which Brooks regards as the greatest novel.

The book as a whole is less impressive than *The Yoknapatawpha Country* because its topics are more diverse and because most of it is concerned with less impressive works. Faulkner's poetry and early prose would not be worth discussing at such length were it not for the light they cast on his literary sources and on qualities he was to develop further in his later writing. Brooks is especially good on phrases and notions that Faulkner borrowed from his intensive reading of Housman, Eliot, and—a surprise to most of us—James Branch Cabell; we hadn't realized how much he

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owed to *Jurgen*. Again Brooks is good at explaining how Faulkner failed in *A Fable;* we had all known that he failed, but we couldn't have cited chapter and paragraph. The discussion of "Faulkner on Time and History" is cogent and clearly reasoned. For me, however, the principal value of the book is that it completed Brooks's magisterial study of Faulkner's work as a whole. The two volumes taken together, as they should be taken, are the best-rounded exposition not only of Faulkner but of almost any American author.

Brooks will forgive me, I hope, for some niggling over major and minor points. To start a brief list of differences, his Faulkner study doesn't make sufficient use of his admirable training as a New Critic. His earlier books, especially *The Well Wrought Urn* (1947), contained many enlightening comments on the rhythm, imagery, symbolism, and internal relations of the works he discussed. In the Faulkner study he has adopted a different critical method, one more concerned with history, sociology, and what might be called characterology, that is, the treatment in depth of fictional characters as if they were living persons. Faulkner's characters withstand that treatment, and in general Brooks's new method leads to judgments that are esthetically and historically sound. Sometimes, however, he fails to make use of what he learned as a New Critic. Thus, he says of one novel, "Though I do not find *Pylon* a rich or ultimately satisfying book, Faulkner's writing, sentence by sentence and scene by scene, includes some of his very best." But why are the sentences and scenes so good? What are their rhythms and images? How do these differ—as they undoubtedly do—from those in Faulkner's other novels? Brooks is better qualified than others to answer those questions, but he says not a word about them.

In discussing *Absalom, Absalom!* he makes the point that Colonel Sutpen is not a representative southern planter and that he embodies the Protestant ethic in a fashion more likely to be found in the North. That is a wholly valid observation, and Brooks, having made it in the first volume of his study, restates it at length in an appendix to the second. It leads him there to what I feel is a false conclusion. Sutpen being an alien in the Deep South, *therefore*—Brooks says in effect—the downfall of his house should not be interpreted as a tragic fable of southern history. Brooks's implied "therefore" depends on a much too literal notion about fables and allegories, especially those of a sort that reveals an author's largely unconscious feelings. Why must Brooks demand that allegorical meanings should correspond at all points with events or characters in the foreground of a novel? In *Absalom, Absalom!* there is no doubt that Quentin Compson, as he reconstructs the story of Sutpen's family (not merely of the Colonel himself), comes to regard it more and more as essentially southern and as having an emblematic meaning. So does his Canadian roommate, Shreve McCannon, and so, I believe, does the average perceptive reader.

William Faulkner ©Martin J. Dain (Magnum Photos)

In a final appendix to the new volume, Brooks draws a parallel between Faulkner's Mississippi and the Ireland of W. B. Yeats. There are, as he demonstrates, many points of resemblance between Irish and southern history; between Irish folk culture and that of Yoknapatawpha County; between southern planters and the Irish Protestant gentry that Yeats celebrated. There are likenesses, even, between the two authors beyond the fact of their both having won the Nobel Prize. I wish, though, that Brooks had discussed the closer parallels between Faulkner's subject and that of still another Nobel prizeman, Henryk Sienkiewicz, whose novels of Polish history Faulkner remembered reading with admiration "when I was about sixteen." He must have felt at the time that the heroic but defeated past of Poland resembled that of the South. Moreover, as I once wrote, "The life of the Polish gentry—with their habit of command, their fierce pride, their chivalric illusions, and their estates on the edge of a wilderness—bore an inescapable resemblance to the life of Mississippi planters before the Civil War." That too might bear expanding.

*"A remarkably absorbing book."**

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But enough of these mild carpings. There has been an immense quantity of Faulkner scholarship during the last 30 years and Brooks has mastered all of it, besides reaching his own level-headed judgments. He gives thanks to fellow critics and praises them often, when praises are due; at other times he has a gentle but devastating way of chiding them for their obsessive pursuit of symbols. There is still work to be done on Faulkner, but it should be different work from that of the endless explicators and the symbol-sniffers. Meanwhile Brooks's two volumes, by their sanity and comprehensiveness, should prevent many wasted efforts by others.

Malcolm Cowley

Malcom Cowley's most recent book is *And I Worked at the Writer's Trade: Chapters of Literary History, 1918-1978* (Viking).

Reconsideration

The Poetry of Richard Wilbur

In his most recent collection, *The Mind-Reader* (1976), Richard Wilbur includes a marvelous and summary poem called "Children of Darkness." It is about toadstools, and is certainly the best fungoid lyric in English. In it he invokes with his usual, ostentatious elegance both the real, sometimes obscene creepiness of these non-photosynthetic monsters, and also the folklore of their monstrosity—they are children of darkness indeed, both biologically and mythically. But the last stanza is at once a gentle satire at their diabolic pretensions (at our diabolic pretensions in calling any life, however alien, "diabolic") and a benediction:

Gargoyles is what they are at worst,
and should
They preen themselves
On being demons, ghouls, or elves,
The holy chiaroscuro of the wood
Still would embrace them. They are good.

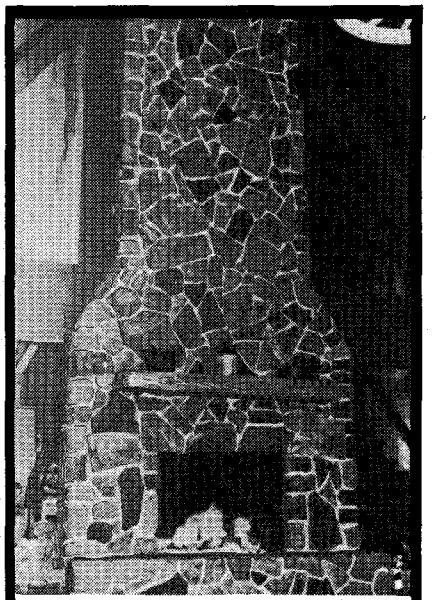
It is a mark of Wilbur's special talent that those last three words force us to remember another poetic occasion on which the universe was pronounced "good": in Genesis, when it was also, as many still believe, made. And it is appropriate for Wilbur that the Hebrew word for "good" is *tov*—as in *mazel tov*—meaning not so much (as with Plato's "good") "pure" or "really real" but rather "just," "well-proportioned," "o.k."

This is literary allusion at its best, which is to say its most serviceable: a recreation of the texts of our common humanity that reminds us not only how textual, how artificial humanity really is, but also how necessary for life, how paradoxically natural the artificial-seeming texts really are. Wilbur has been doing this for 30 years, in six volumes of original verse and assorted children's stories, critical prefaces, and brilliant translations from Molière. But I begin with "Children of Darkness," not only because it incarnates all the qualities that make him our most readable serious poet, but also because it incarnates all the reasons why it is fashionable, these days, to confess no more than an amused, minor enthusiasm for Wilbur. He may be, as Robert Phillips has said, "our national poet of sanity." But sanity, let's face it, is not what we demand most urgently of our poets. "Ho-hum," declared Wilbur in the title poem of *Ceremony* (1950). "I am for wit and wakefulness." Wit and wakefulness, though, have gotten a pretty bad press in the two major directions American poetry has taken since 1950. The scarifying, autovivisectionist confessional verse of Lowell and Berryman (and, with a difference, Allen Ginsberg) is witty like the grin of a skull and wakeful like a nightmare you can't shake off: and that is not what Wilbur meant at all. That Berryman called his great, disturbing sequence *The Dream Songs* indicates how much the escape of dreaming (or booze, or psychosis) means to a writer of his own terrifyingly insomniac state of mind, how seductive it can be.

The more recent, anti-confessional "school" of poetry, represented most splendidly in the ascendancy of John Ashbery (and, with a difference, A.R. Ammons) also fails, by exceeding, Wilbur's humble, quotidian, and challenging standard. Put against the conclusion of Wilbur's nature poem, "Children of Darkness," the opening of Ashbery's "River" (from *Self-Portrait in a Convex Mirror*, 1975):

It thinks itself too good for
These generalizations and is
Moved on by them. The opposite side
Is plunged in shade, this one
In self-esteem.

This is a profoundly witty, preternaturally wakeful criticism of the whole idea of a nature poem. Whatever we say about the river, it is only a verbal projection that effaces whatever might be really there—until, at this late date of self-consciousness, we project even our own skepticism onto the damned thing. But the river, the real river, disappears, as does the observer who might like to believe that he is *here* because the river is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there. The point about looking at yourself in a convex mirror is that "you" vanish, or rather become just one distorted surface among other distorted surfaces, all on a perfect sphere nostalgic for a lost center.

We want our poets, in one way or another, in their lives if not in their verse, to be as troubled as possible: we want the singer of songs to write loonie tunes (one of Ashbery's best poems in *Houseboat Days*, 1977, is "Daffy Duck in Hollywood"). Saul Bellow in *Humboldt's Gift* suggests that we do this so we can console ourselves for not being poets by preening ourselves on our comparative normality. But Wilbur, at some risk to his reputation, refuses to play that game. The titles of some of his poems are indicative: "Praise in Summer," "The Beautiful Changes," "A World Without Objects is a Sensible Emptiness" (that one a quotation from Thomas Traherne), and "Love Calls Us to the Things of This World." Like his contemporary Howard Nemerov he believes, and has argued strenuously for a long time now, that the imagination not only invents the world, but makes that world livable; that intelligence and a sense of form are not just spiritual culs-de-sac but channels of meaningful communication; that language, like the bumblebee, shouldn't work but does. Form unites us in love, tradition opens the future as well as the past to a human use, as in "Advice to a Prophet" (1961). Don't threaten or bore us with the vision of cosmic annihilation, he advises his apocalyptic prophet, but more simply and more intimately

Ask us, ask us whether with the worldless rose
Our hearts shall fail us; come demanding
Whether there shall be lofty or long standing
When the bronze annals of the oak-tree close.

This fine poem, though, indicates something else about his work, something important. It is hard (I've tried) to find among the collected Wilbur

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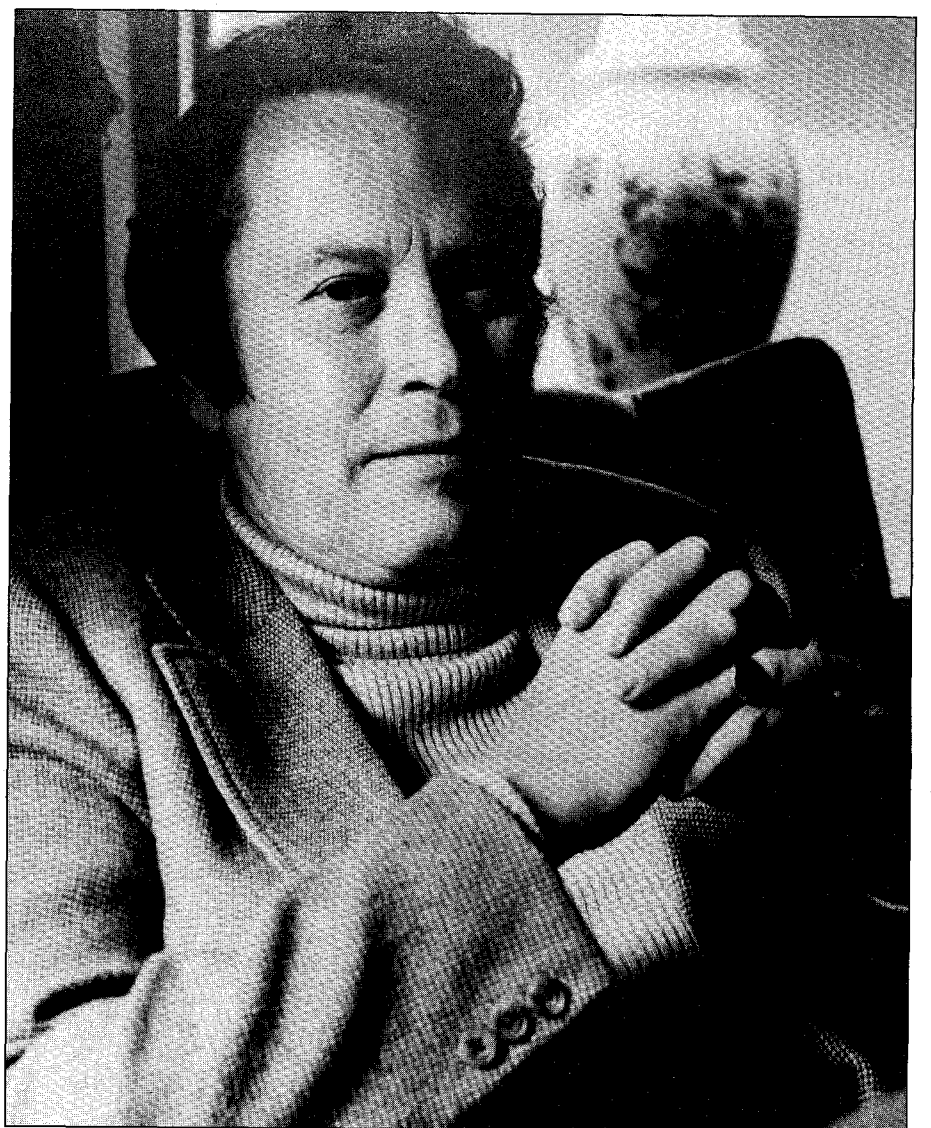

Richard Wilbur by Rhoda Nathans

any poem articulating the easy assurance, the *self-confident* sanity for which he is sometimes faulted. From toadstools to the end of the world, his chosen subjects are unsettling and disorderly, those moments when chaos erupts into the ordinary, and when it is mastered to "sanity" again because, frighteningly, it *needs* to be. As he says in "C Minor" (*The Mind-Reader*), listening to Beethoven's thunderous affirmations at breakfast is a bad idea because it claims too much, too early, for the regenerative powers of art:

There is nothing to do with a day except to live it.
Let us have music again when the light dies
(Sullenly, or in glory) and we can give it
Something to organize.

"When the light dies" is the dangerous moment of Wilbur's poetry as it is for all the strong poets of our century. And if his assertions strike a comforting and (to use the word at last) civilized balance between the omnivorous, self-consuming self of the confessional poets and the selfless, dizzyingly convex world of their anti-confessional colleagues, that does not mean that the comfort is not, as all real comfort, all real sanity has to be, earned. To say that love calls us to the things of this world is *not* to say that love is easy, or that the things of this world are incapable of terror. Between the austere plane geometry of Lowell's vision and the topological catastrophe theory of Ashbery's, Wilbur's is indeed a calculus of delight. But a calculus is a way of describing limits you never reach, a science of possibilities intimated, not realized. Children in the park are playing "Statues" (*Things of This World*, 1956), with the high seriousness only children and strong poets bring to their games; and the game organizes the park into a momentary culture of charity, and of charity's defeat:

The soldier breaks his iron pace;
Linked lovers pause to gaze; and every rôle
Relents,—until the feet begin to stroll
Or stride again. But settled in disgrace

Upon his bench, one aging bum,

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Brought by his long evasion and distress
Into an adamantine shapelessness,
Stares at the image of his kingdom come.

That bum, I think, frazzled, beaten, and "shapeless" in his defeat, staring with Wordsworthian longings at child's play innocent enough to believe in redemptive form, comes close to being Wilbur's Muse. Or at least he is the passive version of that archetypal artist, the "Juggler" (*Ceremony*) of whom Wilbur says, "For him we batter our hands/Who has won for once over the world's weight." The bum may be too self-involved to notice anything but his own pain, and the juggler too intent on his elegant performance to notice the audience. But Wilbur manages to mediate between both of these extraordinary characters and us, who notice them.

He is a poet who matters a great deal, and who I think will matter more and more, just because of this mediator's vocation. Picasso once observed to Gertrude Stein that the first artist who discovers a truly new vision of things has to make it ugly, so that people will notice: those who come after him can afford to make it beautiful. But that does not make "beautifying" an inferior or an unnecessary act. Wilbur is secondary, the heir of the major romantics as well as of Yeats and Stevens. But his is a poetry of balance over the void, of achieved form curing chaos, that we need. He himself says it best in "A Hole in the Floor" (*Advice to a Prophet*) as he looks through a hole his carpenter has made in his parlor, revealing the subterranean jumble of pipes and wiring down there. What is he looking for? What is he looking at? The very souls of things?

Not these, but the buried strangeness
Which nourishes the known:
That spring from which the floor-lamp
Drinks now a wilder bloom,
Inflaming the damask love-seat
And the whole dangerous room.

If his poetry has made a progress, it is in the direction implied by that last line: rendering keener the sense of "danger" underlying our serenest assurances of civilization, but maintaining heroically our sense of those assurances as "rooms," habitations that, however dangerously, are still habitable.

Frank McConnell

Frank McConnell, professor of English at Northwestern, most recently wrote *Four Postwar American Novelists: Bellow, Mailer, Barth and Pynchon* (Chicago).

Kauffmann, *from page 24*

directors mentioned just above. On the other hand, that "complacent enthusiasm," very much the result of youthful gorging on American films after the Liberation, wasn't dampened enough to diminish his regard for the best achievements of Hollywood, including the work of European emigrés like Hitchcock, Lang, Renoir, and Lubitsch.

Particularly interesting are this director's comments on some important directors. Truffaut says in 1968: "Like all artists of stylization, Lubitsch, whether consciously or not, was drawn to the great writers of children's stories," and then gives examples from Lubitsch films. This may be vulnerable as a generalization, but it does perceive the almost innocent, childlike glee behind much of Lubitsch's slyness.

In 1974 he writes:

John Ford might be awarded (the same goes for Howard Hawks) the prize for "invisible direction." The camera work of these two great storytellers is never apparent to the eye. There are very few camera movements, only enough to follow a character, and the majority of shots are fixed and always taken at the same distance.

Try to remember a big close-up in Ford or Hawks. I can't.

"One would gather," Truffaut says in 1971, "that Buñuel finds mankind imbecilic but life diverting." And as long ago as 1957 he was drawing attention to the films of those two men of the theater, Marcel Pagnol and Sacha Guitry.

Hasn't anyone noticed that Italian neorealism . . . is a direct descendant . . . of the filmed theater pieces of Marcel Pagnol? . . . Seeing [Guitry's films] again today and holding them up against the false masterpieces of the same period is an instructive lesson. Guitry was a true filmmaker.

And, over and over, Truffaut reverts, in discussing directors he admires, to the resident power of the human face in film. In a beautiful two-part review (1956) of Bresson's great work *A Man Escaped*, he writes: "He exerts all his effort to filming the face, or, more accurately, the seriousness of the human countenance." In 1973 Truffaut writes of Ingmar Bergman: "Bergman's lesson is three-fold: freedom in dialogue, a radical cleaning of the image, and the absolute priority of the human face."

Predictably—predictable to me, anyway—there are many opinions in the book with which I wildly disagree, particularly in the earlier reviews. I'll cite only two, neither of them connected with Truffaut's auteurism. In 1967 he froths with joy about Claude Berri's *The Two of Us*, a crock of confiture which I suppose appealed to him because it was about a child during the Occupation. Still! . . . And in 1963, although he praises Fellini's *8½*, he drastically underpraises it, with only mild perception of the richness in this masterpiece.

There are some inaccuracies that US editors should have caught. "The American [film] critic is usually a graduate of a journalism school. . . ." I daresay there are some such graduates, but I don't know of one. And, surprisingly, he makes mistakes, as late as 1967, about *Citizen Kane*, a film he venerates. It is not "the only first film by a man who was already famous." What about, to name two, *A Midsummer Night's Dream* (Max Reinhardt) and *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* (Mike Nichols)? Kane meets Susan Alexander for the first time when he's on his way to see his family's things in the warehouse, not after he "had gone" there, a difference of some relevance to the scene. And Bernstein's story about remembering the girl on the ferryboat did not occur on Hudson *Bay*.

Truffaut's collection is worth reading, worth having. The collection by his contemporary Jean-Luc Godard, called *Godard on Godard* (Viking, 1972), is intellectually more agile and diversified. (It's mistitled: it's about a great deal more than Godard's own work.) But Truffaut's book is more engaging. He is the artistic-spiritual child of Jean Renoir and André Bazin (see *TNR*, June 17). If his book hasn't the Olympian benignity of the former's writings or the radical penetration of the latter at his best, it has the button-holing quality of both. Truffaut keeps leaning across that café table to make his points, and, agree or not, there's a pleasant sense of intimacy in being with him.

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Jerusalem Diarist

Witness

"Next year in Jerusalem": his cry of witness is as ancient as his people's dispersion, as contemporary as their redemption, an echo also of the unbroken millennial presence of Jews in the Land and in the City. This is Anatoly Shcharansky's crime: to dream his people's dream. In the light of Shcharansky's humbling but not unrepresentative martyrdom, and seen from Israel, to which people have escaped from the cruelest prisons of history, Andrew Young's styling of himself as a one-time political prisoner seems grotesquely impertinent. This equating of Soviet and American justice, moreover, is typical of that dull-witted honesty of our time which, in denying distinctions, buries truth. "Give me a man and I'll give you a case": for years this was the smug credo of the Kremlin leadership. But what spectacular cases Stalin felt obliged to manufacture. Now the Kremlin leaders are so contemptuous of both their people and their adversaries that they barely go through motions at all. It might just as well be, "Give me a man and I'll give you a verdict." The ultimate torment of the Russian dissidents, however, may well be less the uncertain futures they face than the refusal of solidarity by those who should be their friends. This, then, should be Ambassador Young's shame. Yet, as the official outcasts of Moscow clustered around Leonid Shcharansky narrating his brother's defiance before the court, they were stirred enough to sing *Hatikvah*, the anthem which, not only for Jews, means "the hope."

I am in Jerusalem once more for meetings of the executive committee of the Hebrew University's governing boards. A special item has been placed on the agenda: a non-Israeli committee member wants to revoke the readmission to the university of a young Arab student who had been convicted and served a prison term for terrorist activity on campus. The discussion was brief. Haim Cohn, a justice on Israel's Supreme Court, presided over our sessions as deputy chairman of the board. He told us that the man in question had paid his debt to society and that no *post hoc* judgment on his character could now deny him his right to an education. "If he were to be expelled today," Justice Cohn warned, "the courts would reinstate him tomorrow." I have sat for years on the administrative committee of Harvard's graduate school of arts and sciences. I am confident that we would not readmit a student who had committed even a lesser crime. Nor would the courts force us to do so. Why doesn't the American press report the heroic efforts the Israelis make to keep their society under the rule of just law?

I have before me the issue of *Newsweek* dated July 17. Sadat's new peace plan, it says, "calls on Israel to withdraw its troops and remove its settlements from the West Bank, East Jerusalem and the Gaza strip *after a five-year transition period. At that time*, Israel's regional military government would be abolished and control would pass to Egypt, Jordan and the 'freely elected representatives of the Palestinian people.'" I have also before me the official text of the Egyptian proposal. It says "The Israeli military government in the West Bank and the Gaza Strip shall be abolished *at the outset of the transitional period*. Supervision over the administration of the West Bank shall become the responsibility of Jordan and supervision over the administration of the Gaza Strip shall become the responsibility of Egypt." Sadat's joke, of course, is that he wants complete Israeli withdrawal and *then* a leisurely "transition" (no rush at that point, after all), but his humor is too subtle for *Newsweek*. So far I have seen no correction.

Pope Pius XII gave little indication of being touched by the plight of Europe's Jews under the Nazis. The current Vicar of Christ seems hardly more moved by the agonies of his own flock in Lebanon. For days the Syrian "peace-keeping" forces visited a continuous rain of death upon the Christian neighborhoods of Beirut. For a week President Carter was (unusual for him) silent. Then he issued the verbal equivalent of a public hand-wringing: he urged restraint on both Israel and Syria. Israel was restrained. She sent eight Kfir jets north to break the sound barrier over Beirut. The Syrian bombardment came quickly to an end. The lesson has not been lost on the Christian Arabs of Jerusalem. Whatever grievances they or their cousins on the West Bank may have against Israel, they know it is the Jews who stand between them and the vengeful hand of intolerant Islam. It is worth remembering, after all, that here where Christianity was born, Christians of eastern and western communions still live, their separate neighborhoods hovering in the shadows of Golgotha, pressing toward the Via Dolorosa, bound by the old walls, the seven gates and beyond to Kidron, Gethsemane and the Valley of Gehenna. I have some friends among them, one a Greek Orthodox priest with whom I sometimes follow the Franciscan procession from the Convent of the Sisters of Zion, on the ruins of the Antonia fortress, along the Stations of the Cross. He tells me of the politics of assassination and terror that keep outnumbered Christians silent, lest—if the worst were to happen here—they once again would be impeded in the worship of their God. A young Armenian artist says she fears "not only because we are Christians, but also because we are middle class. Many Moslems here are middle class. They fear too."

Paul Simon sang in Jerusalem while I was here. His music is the *lingua franca* of youth just about everywhere. So I was not surprised that his Israeli audience recognized each of his songs—not only "Mrs. Robinson," "Sounds of Silence" or "Bridge Over Troubled Water," but dozens more—like my own children. Simon came with a black gospel group, which established instant rapport with the crowd. I carry away a lovely image: a lank Jewish soldier, uniformed, pony tail and skullcap atop his head, bouncing along with the Jessy Dixon Singers while they sang "Jesus is the Answer."

Vice President Mondale was here when I arrived, and some of those who accompanied him stayed on after he left. Many of them seemed to realize how little Washington policy makers really understand the complexities of the Arab-Israeli dispute. Complexity is not what Carter and Brzezinski want to hear about. Facts can be inconvenient when you want some facile diplomatic formulae to disguise other people's perils. One staffer who knows both Israel and the Arab world pointed to one of the conflict's most vexing asymmetries: there is much empathy for various Arab positions among Israelis, but no comparable sympathy for Israel among Arabs. Sadat has made this clear in another way: "Dayan said that negotiations demand that each side make concessions. This Israeli concept would be fine in the solution of any problem in the world, but not in our problem." The stock of Jesse built Jerusalem 3000 years ago. It has been destroyed many times since. "Jerusalem will be rebuilt," wrote the 11th-century poet Yehuda Halevi in his *Kuzari*, "only when those who love her love her enough to love also the dust into which her stones have been fragmented." The stock of Jesse has been rebuilding the city again. Let this be the last time.

M.P.

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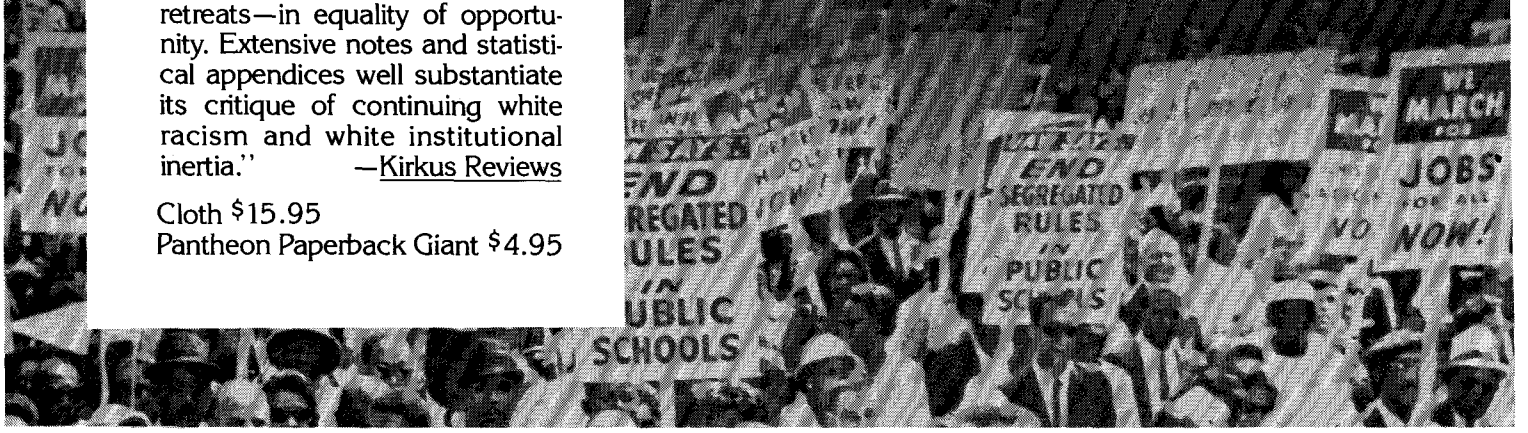

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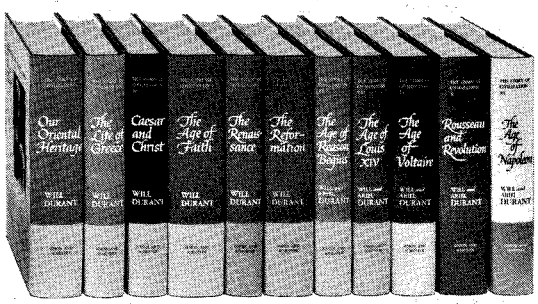

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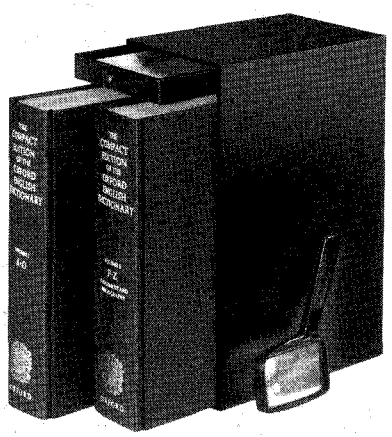

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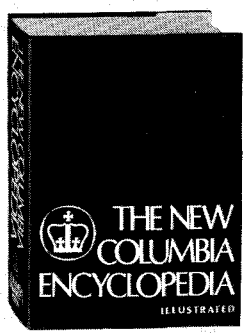

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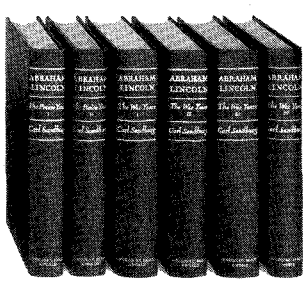

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